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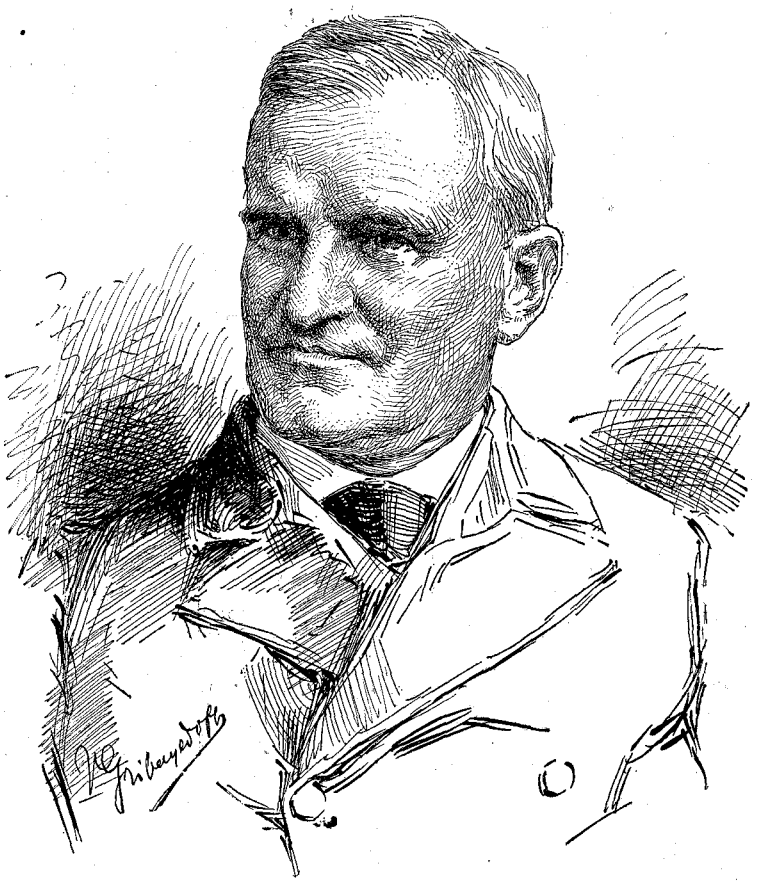

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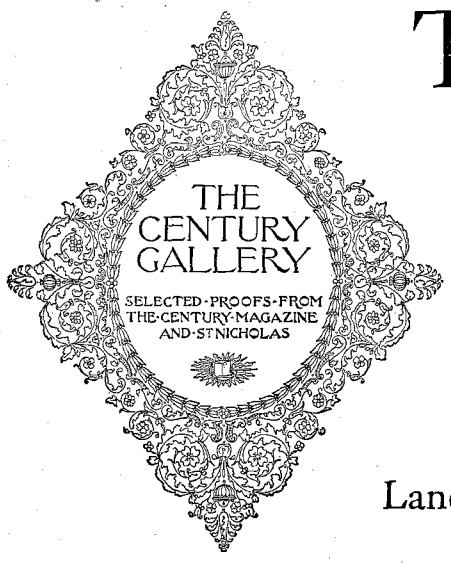

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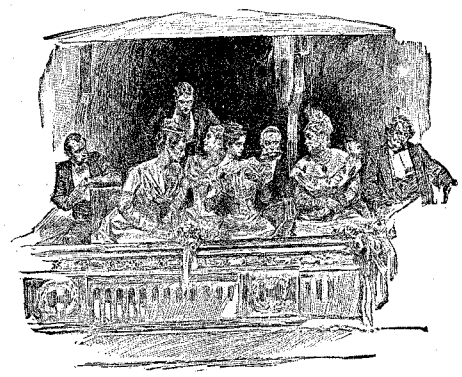

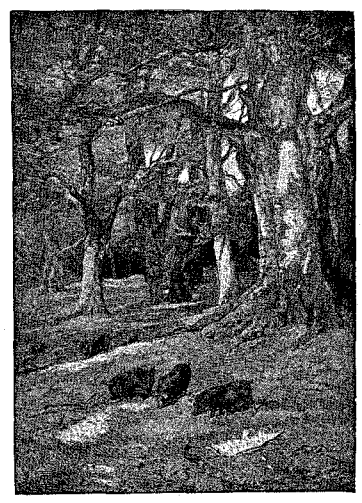

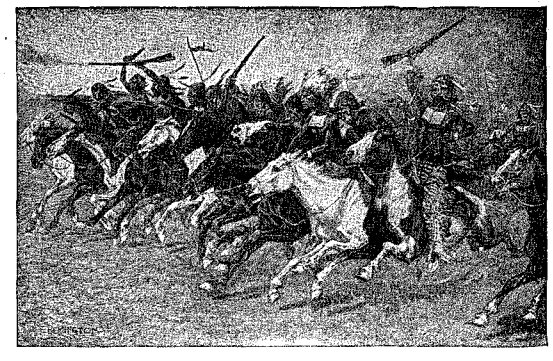

XXVII. A Fisher Boy.

XXIII. Fast to a Whale.

XLV. The Wood-Gatherers.

XXI. The Opera Box.

XLIX. Madonna of the Goldfinch.

XIV. "Indeed!"

XII. In the Beech Woods.

XXX. Indians Charging the Sun-Pole.

[For description of each picture see next page]

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CONTENTS

I. Daphne. From a painting by GEORGE W. MAYNARD.
Engraved by J. H. E. Whitney.

II. Twilight. From a painting by THÉODORE ROUSSEAU.
Engraved by Elbridge Kingsley.

III. A Love Story. From a drawing in wash by ROBERT BLUM.
Engraved by Charles State.

IV. Moving the Led Horses. From a drawing in oil by FREDERIC REMINGTON.
Engraved by J. W. Evans.

V. Head of a Man. From a painting by REMBRANDT.
Engraved by T. Johnson.

VI. The Christmas Anthem. From a drawing in wash by IRVING R. WILES.
Engraved by F. H. Wellington.

VII. "Cæsar and Pompey." From a painting by J. H. DOLPH.
Engraved by S. Davis.

VIII. Twilight. From a painting by ALEXANDER HARRISON.
Engraved by H. Wolf.

IX. Love and Death. From a painting by GEORGE FREDERICK WATTS.
Engraved by T. Cole.

X. A Dance at the Ranch. From a drawing in oil by ANDRÉ CASTAIGNE.
Process Reproduction.

XI. Fight at a Barricade, Paris. From a drawing in gouache by DANIEL VIERGE.
Engraved by Henry Wolf.

XII. In the Beech Woods. From a drawing in gouache by ALFRED PARSONS.
Engraved by Frank French.

XIII. Able to Take Care of Himself. From a study in oil by WILLIAM M. CHASE.
Engraved by Frederick Juengling.

XIV. "Indeed!" From a drawing in wash by FRANCIS DAY.
Engraved by M. Haider.

XV. The Annunciation. From a painting by M. L. MACOMBER.
Engraved by M. Haider.

XVI. An Old-Time Valentine. From a drawing in wash by GEORGE WHARTON EDWARDS.
Engraved by F. H. Wellington.

XVII. The First Communion. From a painting by J. BASTIEN-LEPAGE.
Engraved by T. Cole.

XVIII. Madonna and Child. From a painting by SANDRO BOTTICELLI.
Engraved by T. Cole.

XIX. A Negro Slave Dance—The Bamboula. From a pen-and-ink drawing by E. W. KEMBLE.
Process Reproduction.

XX. A Little Maid of Spain. From a painting by an UNKNOWN ARTIST.
Engraved by T. Johnson.

XXI. The Opera Box. From a drawing in pen and ink by C. D. GIBSON.
Process Reproduction.

XXII. The Mirror. From a painting by D. M. BUNKER.
Engraved by W. B. Closson.

XXIII. Fast to a Whale. From a drawing in wash by W. TABER.
Engraved by J. W. Evans.

XXIV. "So Soon Gone!" From a drawing in wash by ALBERT E. STERNER.
Engraved by M. Haider.

XXV. Bronze Lions in front of the Prefecture of the Seine, Paris. From a sculpture by ANTOINE LOUIS BARYE.
Engraved by C. A. Powell.

XXVI. A Negro of Morocco. From a painting by MARIANO FORTUNY.
Engraved by W. B. Closson.

XXVII. A Fisher Boy. From a drawing in gouache by M. J. BURNS.
Engraved by Frank French.

XXVIII. The Eugénie Verdier Rose. From a photograph.
Engraved by F. S. King.

XXIX. His Lordship's Bedtime. From a drawing in oil by E. H. BLASHFIELD.
Engraved by G. Kruell.

XXX. Sioux Indians Charging the Sun-Pole. From a drawing in oil by FREDERIC REMINGTON.
Engraved by J. W. Evans.

XXXI. The Close of the Reception. From a drawing in gouache by A. B. WENZELL.
Process Reproduction.

XXXII. Augustus St. Gaudens. From a painting by KENYON COX.
Engraved by J. H. E. Whitney.

XXXIII. The Setting Sun. From a painting by CHARLES FRANÇOIS DAUBIGNY.
Engraved by Elbridge Kingsley.

XXXIV. "The Virgin Adoring the Infant Christ." From a painting by FILIPPO LIPPI.
Engraved by T. Cole.

XXXV. The Post-Office at San Francisco, 1849-50. From a drawing in oil by ANDRÉ CASTAIGNE.
Engraved by J. H. E. Whitney.

XXXVI. Artemis. From a sculpture by HAMO THORNYCROFT.
Engraved by T. Cole.

XXXVII. Ponte Vecchio, Florence. From an etching by JOSEPH PENNELL.
Engraved on wood by R. C. Collins.

XXXVIII. The Nurse. From a drawing on wood by MARY HALLOCK FOOTE.
Engraved by C. A. Powell.

XXXIX. Looking Over the Cliff. From an aquarelle by WINSLOW HOMER.
Engraved by T. Cole.

XL. The Sons of Prescott Hall Butler. From a drawing in charcoal by KENYON COX of the bas-relief by AUGUSTUS ST. GAUDENS.
Engraved by J. H. E. Whitney.

XLI. "Thirst." From a painting by J. L. GÉRÔME.
Engraved by Henry Wolf.

XLII. A Dancing Lesson. From a drawing in wash by R. B. BIRCH.
Engraved by F. H. Wellington.

XLIII. The Man with a Violin. From a painting by WYATT EATON.
Engraved by T. Cole.

XLIV. Tiger. From a painting by ADOLF MENZEL.
Engraved by Henry Wolf.

XLV. The Wood-Gatherers. From a painting by JEAN BAPTISTE COROT.
Engraved by Elbridge Kingsley.

XLVI. Spring, Summer, Autumn. From drawings in gouache by WILL H. LOW.
Engraved by Henry Wolf.

XLVII. Between Two Fires. From a painting by F. D. MILLET.
Engraved by Henry Wolf.

XLVIII. St. Paul's from Fleet Street. From a drawing in gouache by JOSEPH PENNELL.
Engraved by W. H. Morse.

XLIX. The Madonna of the Goldfinch. From a painting by RAPHAEL.
Engraved by T. Cole.

L. Looking for Camp. From a drawing on wood by MARY HALLOCK FOOTE.
Engraved by F. S. King.

LI. The Turkey Pasture. From a painting by GEORGE FULLER.
Engraved by W. B. Closson.

LII. A Venetian Lady of Rank. From a pastel by ROSALBA CARRIERA.
Engraved by T. Johnson.

LIII. The Infanta Marguerite. From a painting by VELASQUEZ.
Engraved by T. Cole.

LIV. The Dispatch-Bearer. From a drawing in oil by GILBERT GAUL.
Engraved by T. Schussler.

LV. Mourning her Brave. From a painting by GEORGE DE FOREST BRUSH.
Engraved by H. Davidson

LVI. "Child with Cherries." From a pastel by JOHN RUSSELL.
Engraved by T. Johnson.

LVII. The Sheep-Shearers. From a painting by JEAN FRANÇOIS MILLET.
Engraved by W. B. Closson.

LVIII. Under the Greenwood. From a painting by GEORGE INNESS, Sr.
Engraved by Elbridge Kingsley.

LIX. Miss Frances Harris. From a painting by Sir JOSHUA REYNOLDS.
Engraved by W. B. Closson.

LX. Gathering Seaweed, Newport, R. I. From a drawing in oil by GEORGE INNESS, Jr.
Engraved by J. W. Evans.

LXI. Izaak Walton. From a painting by G. H. BOUGHTON.
Engraved by Frank French.

LXII. Jacob Wrestling with the Angel. From a drawing in oil by KENYON COX.
Engraved by H. Davidson.

LXIII. Two Boys of Holland. From a painting by CUYP.
Engraved by T. Johnson.

LXIV. "They have Marched Away into Siberia." From a drawing in wash by HENRY SANDHAM.
Engraved by H. Davidson.

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Contents, 18 November, 1893

	PAGE
COVER PORTRAIT: Francis Parkman	869
THE WEEK	877
EDITORIAL:	
The Fall Elections	880
Francis Parkman	881
The Makers of the Fair	882
The Unknown Quantity	882
The Lottery's Refuge	883
Editorial Notes	883
CONTRIBUTED ARTICLES:	
The Makers of the Fair. By Willis John Abbot	884
The Student Community. By Hamilton W. Mabie	885
Poetry: Poor Little Thing! By F. Whitmore	887
Signs of Delight. By J. E. Learned	887
Public Opinion vs. Prize-Fighting. By the Rev. Clarence Greeley	888
The Greater Glory.—XXXVIII.-XL. By Maarten Maartens	889
THE HOME:	
The Enemy of Ignorance	892
After Graduation, What?—To Parents. By Charlotte N. Porter	892
The Art of Not Growing Old. By Alethe Lowber Craig	893
An Important Domestic Question	894
An Improvised Bootblack. By Helen A. Hawley	894
Two Boys as Men	896
A Queen's Disappointment	897
SUNDAY AFTERNOON:	
The Kingdom of Our Lord. By Lyman Abbott	897
The Christian Home. By Lyman Abbott	900
THE RELIGIOUS WORLD:	
Liberal Presbyterians; Bishop Seymour on Liberal Tendencies in the Episcopal Church; Dr. Moxom's Resignation; Chicago Theological Seminary; A New Department in Michigan University; The Central Congregational Church in Providence; A Unitarian College at Oxford; Regent Square Church, London	901
Gleanings	903
Ministerial Personals	903
BOOKS AND AUTHORS:	
The Cosmopolis City Club	904
Noah Porter	904
Novels and Tales	905
Literary Notes	906
Books Received	914
WITH OUR READERS:	
I.—Correspondence	907
II.—Notes and Queries	907
FINANCIAL	911

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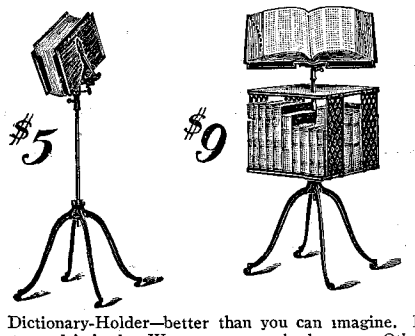

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Real Estate	1,554,689 80
United States Stocks (market value)	1,459,875 00
Bank, Trust Co., and Railroad Stocks and Bonds (market value)	3,584,405 05
State and City Bonds (market value)	915,214 74
Bonds and Mortgages, being first lien on Real Estate	611,032 35
Loans on Stocks, payable on demand	347,300 00
Premiums uncollected and in hands of Agents	585,630 60
Interest due and accrued on 1st January, 1893	27,327 40
	$9,328,754 44

LIABILITIES:

Cash Capital	$3,000,000 00
Reserve Premium Fund	4,225,113 00
Reserve for Unpaid Losses and Claims	824,401 62
Net Surplus	1,279,239 82
	$9,328,754 44

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New York, January 10, 1893

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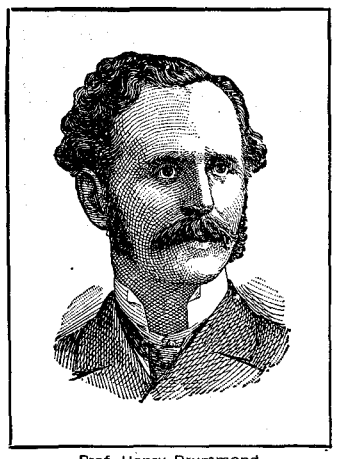

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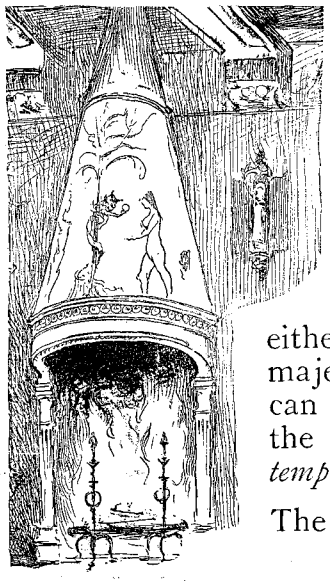

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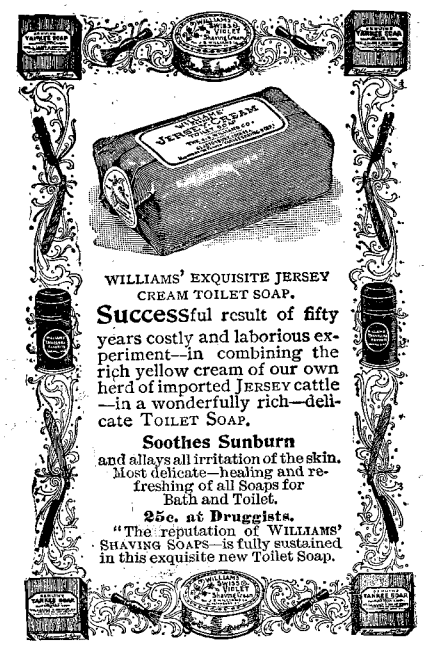

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The Outlook

A Family Paper

NEW SERIES OF THE CHRISTIAN UNION

Volume 48 For Week ending 18 November, 1893 Number 21

The Week

THE magnitude of the Republican victories, in the fall elections, has grown more impressive as the corrected returns have come in from remote districts and States. Not only has the Republican party defeated the Democratic party by overwhelming majorities, but it has wrested Kansas from the People's party, increased its plurality over that party in South Dakota, and fully held its own in Colorado. In Nebraska alone was the Republican plurality decreased, and here the decrease was due to Democratic defections to the Populist ranks, owing to the action of the Democratic State Convention in indorsing President Cleveland's attitude on the silver question. The Democratic vote in Nebraska was only about one-fifth of the total vote cast. In Colorado it practically disappeared. In the East the results need merely to be analyzed, as they have been fully reported by the daily press. In Massachusetts the Republican plurality of 34,000 was due to an increase in the Republican vote, rather than a falling off in the Democratic. The vote for Mr. John E. Russell was almost identical with that given to Governor William E. Russell two years ago, but the vote for Mr. Greenhalge was 40,000 greater than that previously cast for Mr. Allen. The question of Civil Service Reform as well as that of the tariff entered largely into the campaign. In Pennsylvania the Republican gains were uniform throughout the State, and Mr. Harrison's plurality of sixty-odd thousand was doubled. In Ohio Harrison's plurality of one thousand was changed into a plurality for McKinley of 81,000. There was but a small increase in the Republican vote, but a great falling off in the Democratic. This campaign was fought distinctively upon the tariff issue, though free-coinage Democrats claim that the result was largely due to the fact that thousands of their sympathizers stayed at home, rather than seem to indorse the Administration. Governor McKinley received hundreds of congratulatory telegrams nominating him for the Presidency in 1896.

❀

In Iowa the Republican plurality is nearly 30,000. This is but a few thousand greater than last year, but is nearly 40,000 more than in the gubernatorial election two years ago. The Republicans conducted the campaign here chiefly upon National issues. The most important result expected from the Iowa election—the partial repeal of the prohibitory law—is yet in doubt. The Des Moines "News" claims that two-thirds of the Republicans elected to the Legislature are definitely pledged to the maintenance of the prohibitory law, while still other Republican members-elect represent Prohibition districts. Inasmuch as the legislative victory was more marked than the gubernatorial victory, it is possible that the present law may stand. The vote cast for the Prohibition candidate for Governor was in the neighborhood of 15,000. In Iowa, as throughout the West, great numbers of Democrats stayed away from the polls. Even in the border States of Kentucky and Maryland the Democratic party sustained serious losses. In Virginia there was no Republican ticket in the field, but the apathy displayed by the Democratic voters during the campaign aroused a genuine fear among the party managers that the People's party would carry the State. On election day, however, most of the old Republican voters stayed at home, and the Democrats carried the State by the usual heavy majority.

❀

In the States of New York and New Jersey the election was conducted on reform rather than on party issues, the Republican party in these States being reinforced by large numbers of Democrats, who worked with the Republican party and voted for Republican candidates in order to overthrow corrupt rings. In New York State the Republican plurality was 24,000, which is to be contrasted with a Democratic plurality twice as great both last year and the year before. The Republicans made gains everywhere except in New York City. In Brooklyn, reinforced by reform Democrats, they overthrew the "ring" by astonishing pluralities, reaching 27,000 in the vote for Mayor. This reform victory was achieved despite much fraudulent voting. Judge Maynard, the Democratic candidate for Court of Appeals, ran 70,000 behind his ticket, chiefly in the large cities, where liquor-dealers as well as reform sentiment opposed him. In New Jersey the majority which protested against race-track gambling was revolutionary in its dimensions. The Republicans elected seven out of eight of the State Senators chosen, thus securing a majority in that body in spite of the number of Democratic "hold-overs." In the Assembly the Republican majority is a large one, though some Democrats also were elected as anti-race-track men. The aggregate Republican majority in the State is nearly twenty-five thousand. There has rarely been in our time so splendid an example of what the moral forces can accomplish in a political campaign. In Illinois the election of Judge Gary may also be regarded as a moral triumph over lawless elements.

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These results, remarkable as they are, may attract less attention from future historians than the outcome of a non-partisan ballot in Colorado, which has received but an obscure line in most of our Eastern dailies. In the later seventies the woman's suffrage proposition was submitted to the voters of Colorado, but was defeated by a majority so overwhelming that suffragists in the East questioned the wisdom of now inviting another test of strength. Yet the advocates of the change claimed that there had been a revolution in public sentiment, and on election day they made this claim good. Fully five-sixths of the counties gave majorities for equal suffrage, the aggregate majority

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reaching to the neighborhood of six thousand. The Equal Suffrage Association, at their meeting held in Denver the day following the election, adopted resolutions thanking the leading Republican and Populist papers, the trades-unions, and the ministers for help rendered during the campaign. The last-named resolution read in part as follows: "We thank the churches of this city. There is hardly a minister of prominence who has not nobly aided the cause of women's rights from the pulpit." It may be stated that Colorado is the first Commonwealth to introduce woman's suffrage in obedience to a popular vote. In Wyoming equal suffrage was introduced by legislative enactment; and so also was municipal suffrage for women in Kansas. It is expected that the result in Colorado will affect that in Kansas when the equal suffrage amendment comes before the voters next year.

❀

The story of the extensive frauds in Gravesend, L. I., to which we referred last week, had another chapter added to it on election day and the day preceding. An injunction having been issued to prevent fraudulent voting, the attempt to serve the writ was resisted by violence, and the party intrusted with the service were driven from the town. The legal measures taken and threatened and the rewards offered for the detection of illegal voters seem to have had some effect, however, for whereas the registration was four times the number of legal voters in the town, the vote was only twice that number. An organization has been perfected, money raised, and proceedings are being taken to bring the frauds to light and punish the perpetrators. The proceedings are necessarily slow, because the entire legal machinery in Gravesend, as well as some of the legal machinery in Kings County, is interested in covering up the fraud and giving escape to the guilty parties. There is some ground for believing that the Attorney-General can, if he will, supersede the District Attorney and conduct the prosecution. If this be the case, it is certain that those who are accused of having committed these outrages on the ballot-box will be brought to trial, and no effort spared to secure justice for them and for the people whose fundamental political rights are set aside by such frauds. It is already established that in many instances citizens going to the polls found that votes had been cast by strangers in their names before they themselves had arrived upon the ground, in other instances votes were cast by men who did not even know their assumed names and residences, and in still others by men who could neither read, write, nor speak the English language, and carried, under the provision of an imperfect ballot law, friends into the polling-booth with them, to fold their ballot for them, and, incidentally of course, to see that the ballot given them was put into the box.

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Last Saturday's daily papers contain a remarkable letter, dated October 18, 1893, addressed to the President by the Secretary of State, respecting the condition of affairs at Hawaii, and ending with a recommendation which is certainly without a precedent in our history, if not in that of international law. This letter is founded on an as yet unpublished report of Commissioner Blount, who was sent, our readers will remember, by the present Administration to investigate the condition of affairs in that island. According to Secretary Gresham's letter, the revolution of last January was inaugurated by a "so-called Committee of Public Safety," a majority of them aliens; this Committee organized, on the 15th or 16th, a Provisional Government, "to exist until terms of union with the United States of America have been negotiated and agreed upon;" at two o'clock of the second day a mass-meeting, largely composed of aliens, asked Minister Stevens to provide protection for life and property; United States forces were landed in response to this request, and took possession of a hall just across the street from the Government building, and in plain view of the Queen's palace; this was done for the ill-disguised purpose of intimidating the Queen's Government; and immediately thereupon, the Minister, acting on behalf of the United States, by a letter addressed to the head of the Provisional Government, declared that he recognized it as the Government *de facto* of the islands. The official report of Minister Stevens, sent to our Government at the time, declares that no such recognition was accorded "until after the Queen's abdication, and when they [the Provisional Government] were in effective possession of the Government buildings, the archives, the Treasury, the barracks, the police station, and all the potential machinery of the Government." These statements Secretary Gresham quotes in order to declare that they are "utterly at variance with the evidence, documentary and otherwise, contained in Mr. Blount's reports"—evidence thus far, however, it must be remembered, not given to the public. Secretary Gresham adds—still, however, without furnishing the evidence in support of the assertion—that "the Provisional Government was recognized when it had little other than a paper existence, and when the legitimate Government was in full possession and control of the palace, the barracks, and the police station." He closes his letter with the following recommendation:

"Should not the great wrong done to a feeble but independent State by an abuse of the authority of the United States be undone by restoring the legitimate Government? Anything short of that will not, I respectfully submit, satisfy the demands of justice. Can the United States consistently insist that other nations shall respect the independence of Hawaii while not respecting it themselves? Our Government was the first to recognize the independence of the islands, and should be the last to acquire sovereignty over them by force and fraud."

In order to pass a correct judgment on this counsel of the Secretary of State, the reader should bear in mind four facts. First, that Secretary Gresham, while accusing a previously accredited representative of the United States Government of misstatement of facts, does not indicate the evidence on which his charges of political crime and falsehood are based; second, that he does not indicate that he has had any conference with Minister Stevens, or given him any opportunity to defend himself from the charges preferred against him; third, that the Provisional Government is now, and for months has been, recognized as the *de facto* Government by our own Government and by all foreign Powers; fourth, that while the Secretary's letter bears date October 18, at which time Congress was in session, it was not given to the public until November 11, after Congress had adjourned.

❀

We are not willing to credit the reports from Washington, though they seem to be generally credited by papers of all political shades, that the Administration has already dispatched a representative to Hawaii to act on Secretary Gresham's recommendation, depose the Provisional Government, and reinstate the deposed Queen. If this is so, we cannot understand the report from Honolulu that the new Minister has notified the Provisional Government that he is ready to present his credentials to that Government. The action which the Secretary of State proposes, and which reports attribute to the President, would be nothing less than an outrage, both on the people of Hawaii and on those of the United States. The wrong already done to Minister Stevens and the people of the United States,

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whom he represented, by publicly calling in question his truthfulness, without giving any evidence to support the accusation and without giving him a hearing, we forbear to characterize. We assume for the moment that Secretary Gresham is wholly correct in his report of the facts. It still remains true that the Provisional Government is, and has been, the *de facto* Government of Hawaii for over nine months; that certainly for over seven months of that time—that is, ever since President Cleveland's Administration—it has sustained itself without aid from the United States; and, we may add, it may safely be presumed that it can continue to sustain itself against the Queen; otherwise the deposed Government would not desire our interference. Nothing is better settled in international law than that a foreign State has no concern with the question which of two contending governments has the right to control. It has to concern itself only with the question which government actually does exercise control. Even if it be true that Minister Stevens acted with precipitancy, even if it be true that the Provisional Government could not have effected the revolution without aid from the United States, it still remains true that the revolution has been effected, that the Provisional Government is the Government *de facto*, and that to depose it and restore the Government of the Queen would be an act of war, which the Administration would certainly not venture upon were the Hawaiian Government strong enough to resent such interference. And such an act of war would be equally an outrage upon the people of the United States. The Constitution explicitly reserves to Congress the power to declare war. The President had all the information which he now possesses while Congress still was in session. It is hardly possible that he has deliberately waited until Congress has adjourned, and Congressional interference is impossible, and then taken action which would be a distinct act of war, upon a Government recognized as the *de facto* Government of an independent nation, not only by all the other Powers, but by the American Nation itself. Since President Tyler committed the American Nation to a war with Mexico, by his directions to Taylor in 1845, there has been no more flagrant usurpation of authority by any President of the United States than that which the Secretary of State recommends to the President and rumor reports him as already resolved upon.

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We have thus far written as though Secretary Gresham's statement of facts is to be trusted, and Minister Stevens's statements were, as charged, "utterly at variance with the facts." We do not, however, believe this to be the case; and while, in common with other unprejudiced and non-partisan Americans, we shall await with interest the evidence which Secretary Gresham has thus far failed to present, we shall meanwhile, as most non-partisan Americans will also, attach more credence to the official reports of Minister Stevens, who was upon the ground and *knows* whereof he affirms, than to the unauthenticated report of Secretary Gresham, whose dependence is upon we know not what. Minister Stevens has, it should be added, promptly met the charge of misstatement with a vigorous reaffirmation of the truth of his official reports. He declares that the revolution was inaugurated by the Queen, who not only meditated but attempted to set aside the Constitution by a *coup d'état;* that fifty hours elapsed after the Queen had destroyed her throne by her own act before any troops were landed from the United States naval vessel—the Boston; that a part of them went to the hall opposite the Government buildings only because no other adequate place could, after much endeavor, be found for them; that in the subsequent negotiations between the two Governments he absolutely refused to take any side whatever, while declaring that whatever *de facto* Government might exist would have to be recognized; and that, in fact, he did not recognize the Provisional Government until it had acquired full control and was complete master of the situation. The course of the Administration proposed by Secretary Gresham will not be made more acceptable to the people of the United States by the consideration of the fact that the object of the interference is to destroy a popular Government and rehabilitate a monarchical one, represented in a Queen who is a grossly dissolute person, whose administration has been notoriously corrupt, whose supporters are a sugar monopoly, a lottery ring, and a coolie labor party, enforced by political corruptionists in comparison with whom those of New Jersey are endurable and those of New York beneficent, and opposed to whom are, with hardly an exception, all the moral and most of the commercial interests in the islands.

❀

The Austrian Cabinet crisis, precipitated by the resignation of Count Taaffe, has been temporarily ended by the selection of Prince Windischgrätz, a Bohemian landed proprietor of high character and moderate views, who has refused to follow the lead of the extremists among the Young Czechs in their demands for autonomy. Count Taaffe had managed to keep in power for nearly fifteen years by kaleidoscopic combinations between the Liberal Germans and Poles, the Clericals and the Feudalists, but this combination gave way under the strain of the bill for the extension of the suffrage. The situation was such that Taaffe could not have deserted his measure even if he had been willing to, but was compelled to go out of office. The new Ministry formed by Prince Windischgrätz is a coalition Ministry, in which Bohemians, Poles, German Liberals, and Feudalists are all represented. Coalition ministries rarely last for any great length of time; they are at best makeshifts, and find their use in carrying on the practical work of the Government during an interval between the formularization or the acceptance of positive political policies. The complicated character of the political situation in Austria is indicated by the fact, about which there is apparently no doubt, that the supporters of the Triple Alliance are apprehensive that the extension of the suffrage will give the Slavic element predominance in the Austrian system, and that that predominance will prove inimical to the alliance with Germany and France. The Germans are, in fact, predicting all kinds of disaster, not only to themselves, but to the country, from the strengthening of the Slavonic elements at the expense of the German element.

❀

Austria is not, however, moving entirely in the dark, for the country has already tried universal suffrage. It was introduced with the Constitution, May 15, 1848, and the first Parliament under that Constitution, which lasted from July, 1848, to March, 1849, was elected on the basis of universal suffrage. In that Parliament the Slavs had a large majority as against the Germans, but they showed no purpose to use that majority for the purpose of oppressing the Germans in any way. Count Taaffe has, in fact, put the Young Czechs in an embarrassing position. The foremost article in their political creed is the universal right to vote, but in his statement of the reasons for granting universal suffrage Count Taaffe admitted frankly that one result which the Government hoped from the extension of suffrage was the disposal of the Nationalist claims, foremost among which stands that of the Young Czechs for Bohemian autonomy.

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There is no influence more destructive of what is called in Europe the particularist spirit—the spirit, that is, of sections of the country to consider their own interests first, and to hold national interests subordinate—than a representative National Parliament. This is seen in France, where the group or sectional spirit has been steadily dying out, while the national spirit has steadily gained ground. If the particularist spirit in the Austrian Empire can be destroyed, and the country can be governed on broad lines of policy by the co-operation of a Reichstag large-minded enough to give place and relative importance to the demands of all the interests involved in the Empire, the Germans may safely allow the Slavs to come to the front. As a matter of fact, that result is inevitable, sooner or later, for the Austrian Empire, however antiquated much of its governmental machinery may be, will sooner or later be governed by the majority of its people, and the majority of its people are Slavonic rather than German.

❀

General News.—A truce existed for part of last week between the Spanish and Riffian forces at Melilla; later, fighting was resumed, with the advantage apparently on the side of the Spanish; it is reported that the Sultan of Morocco has intimated his willingness to make reparation to Spain.——The rebel and Government forces in Brazil remain in the same position as that they have occupied for the past month; there has been further bombardment of the forts near the capital, but no serious engagement has taken place; the El Cid and other vessels fitted up in this port for Peixoto were expected to sail on Wednesday; our Government has refused to recognize Admiral Mello's faction as belligerents.——The dynamite disaster at Santander, Spain, briefly noted last week, has proved even more horrible than was at first supposed; it is now said that fully a thousand persons were killed or injured seriously, and the town was in large part destroyed; there seems to be no reason to suppose that the disaster was due to Anarchists, though that theory has been broached.——At Barcelona, Spain, on the evening of November 7, two bombs were thrown from the highest gallery of a crowded opera-house to the floor; one exploded and killed about twenty people, while many others were seriously injured, and some killed, in the mad rush to the doors that followed; the crime was without doubt committed by an Anarchist, and is supposed to have had some connection with the recent execution of Pallas, the Anarchist leader.——The Georgia Legislature has now before it a bill establishing the Australian ballot law in that State; in some form this system of voting now prevails in almost all the States.——An American ship, the Costa Rica, was fired upon as she was leaving Amapala, a port of Honduras, because of her captain's refusal to give up to the authorities of that country a citizen of Honduras who was a passenger on the ship and was charged with political offenses.——The University of the City of New York will soon begin work on the buildings to be erected on the new site chosen, and hope to begin undergraduate work there next fall.——Secretary Gresham has concluded the ratification of the extradition treaty with Norway.——It is settled that a World's Exposition will be held in Paris in the year 1900, and it is almost certain that the Champ de Mars and the surrounding region will be adopted as the place.——Dr. Nansen's expedition entered the Kara Sea in August under unusually favorable conditions of sea and season.——M. Tricoupis has formed a new Greek Cabinet.——Mr. J. D. Rockefeller has added $500,000 to his other generous gifts to the Chicago University.——Peter Tschaikowsky, the famous Russian composer, died in St. Petersburg on November 5.

The Fall Elections

We give in another column a report of the results of the fall elections. They are somewhat complicated, and vary in different localities, but the net result is an overwhelming defeat for the Democratic party. That this is not wholly due to local causes is evident from the fact that the defeat has been suffered alike in Massachusetts, New York, New Jersey, Ohio, and Iowa. That it is not wholly due to non-local causes is evident from the fact that the character and extent of the defeat varies so greatly in the different States.

Four National causes have conspired to bring about this result. A reaction from the overwhelming Democratic majority of last year was natural. In American politics such reactions have been so common as to constitute almost a rule. Those Republicans who in last year's Presidential campaign voted for Mr. Cleveland, naturally, when the special exigency had passed which brought them to vote for him, drifted back to their own party again, and Independents, who had voted for Mr. Cleveland from personal rather than political and party considerations, were easily influenced by the same considerations to vote against the Democratic party this year. Hard times always produce a feeling of discontent which operates against the party in power, whatever that party may be. This cause, also familiar in American politics, has operated this year against the party in power. The silver question has alienated voters both East and West—in the East, because a considerable section of the Democratic party filibustered against the Repeal Bill in the Senate; in the West, because the Repeal Bill was finally passed. Finally, a dread of tariff legislation undoubtedly swelled the Republican majorities. The campaign was fought on this issue by Mr. McKinley in Ohio, where the farmers dread the Democratic policy, which, putting raw material on the free list, would necessarily make wool free. In that State also the Democratic party suffered from its inconsistent and self-contradictory course upon the silver question. Apparently the tariff issue worked against the Democratic party in Massachusetts also, the manufacturing towns in many instances reversing their former Democratic majorities.

But the moral aspects of the elections are more significant than their political aspects. In New York and New Jersey the results of the election constitute a remarkable witness to the power of public conscience. The defeat of Mr. Maynard in this State was accomplished not only in spite of a thoroughly organized and wholly unscrupulous Democratic machine committed to his election, but in spite of an apparent indifference on the part of the Republican machine, or at least of local Republican managers, for his defeat. It is difficult otherwise to account for the fact that at many polling-places it was impossible to obtain pasters containing Mr. Bartlett's name, so that in many instances independent Democrats who would have voted for Mr. Bartlett were obliged to content themselves by scratching the name of Mr. Maynard. In New Jersey, the gamblers, who had supposed themselves so intrenched in power that it was impossible to overthrow them, have been so utterly overthrown that there is good reason to believe they will never regain their grip upon the State. Even in New York City Tammany was defeated in two Assembly Districts; and in Brooklyn, where the ring was supposed to be almost as invincible as Tammany, the ring candidate was defeated by an overwhelming majority. Nor is this all. The Republican party has already been reorganized in Brooklyn, and its previous leaders, who were notoriously corrupt, have been set one side, and there is now a promise,

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with good reason to anticipate its fulfillment, that the Democratic party will be similarly reorganized, and its best men put in power. In the latter city it is evident that the political revolution is not due to any merely evanescent ebullition of feeling. As we go to press, a large public meeting is called, to be held by citizens regardless of party, to preserve the purity of the ballot-box, and careful measures are being taken to prosecute illegal voters; and they have to be very carefully taken, since the law officers of the county are interested in screening, rather than punishing, the offenders. The election of Judge Gary in Chicago, where the issue was clearly drawn between the apologists of the Anarchists and the Judge by whom they were tried and convicted, bears its witness that the political conscience of the Nation is efficient in the West as in the East.

The moral of the elections in New York, New Jersey, and Chicago is, then, writ in large characters. Mr. Hill is a shrewd politician, and has shown in the United States Senate evidences of even a higher ability than shrewdness. But the overwhelming defeat which the convention that he organized and engineered has suffered at the hands of the people may be put alongside analogous, though different, experiences of Aaron Burr, Benjamin F. Butler, and other similar politicians of lesser note. The man who does not recognize the political conscience of the American people cannot permanently succeed in American politics. He is sure, in some unexpected moment, and by some unexpected act, to arouse this sleeping power and array it against him. And then defeat is sure to follow.

Men who believe in the power of conscience in public affairs may find in this election abundant cause to encourage their faith. But they ought not to be content with such spasmodic manifestations of righteousness. They ought not to be satisfied with the reflection that when political corruption becomes intolerable there is a power which can, at a great cost, cleanse the city or the State. They should address themselves to the task of so organizing the forces of righteousness as to prevent corruption. The motto applies, An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure. And to this problem they may surely address themselves with good hope of results.

Francis Parkman

On the occasion of the publication of Dr. Francis Parkman's last work, "A Half-Century of Conflict," completing his historical contribution to our literature, The Outlook commented at length upon the significance and characteristics of that work and upon the qualities of the man. Now comes the news that, in the fullness of years and honors, Dr. Parkman has gone to his rest. This familiar phrase means much in his case; for he had been all his mature life fighting against disease and doing his work under conditions which would have discouraged any man of less nobility and steadfastness of purpose. Born in 1823, of a distinguished New England ancestry, Dr. Parkman was prepared for college at Chauncy Hall, graduated from Harvard, and discovered very early the love of nature and of historical research which distinguished his later life. As a boy he was given to the reading of colonial history and to long wanderings in the woods of upper New England and of central New York, a good deal of his leisure being spent in the picturesque region of Lake George and Lake Champlain, which he was afterwards to describe with such loving fidelity.

Like many another man destined to achieve distinction in the field of literature, Dr. Parkman attempted to become a lawyer, but speedily wearied of the profession, and in 1846 made the memorable journey across the plains which furnished the material for the first of his books, "The Oregon Trail." That journey was distinctly educational, for the man who was to describe Indian warfare and Indian life with wonderful vividness and accuracy, ate, drank, and slept with the Indians, watched their dances, heard their legends, and entered into the secrets of their temperament and inheritance. The exposure of that journey laid the seeds of the disease which, but for his indomitable will, would have rendered nugatory his great talents and his ample knowledge.

"The Oregon Trail" was followed in 1851 by "The Conspiracy of Pontiac," in the preface of which the historian commented briefly upon the conditions under which the work had been done. "For about three years," he wrote, "the light of day was insupportable, and every attempt at reading or writing completely debarred. Under these circumstances, the task of sifting the materials and composing the work was begun and finished. The papers were repeatedly read aloud by an amanuensis, copious notes and extracts were made, and the narrative written down from my dictation."

It is always possible for a strong nature to wrest power even from the most adverse conditions, and this truth, so magnificently illustrated by Dante, finds a shining example in the story of Dr. Parkman's life. One thing gained from disease and weakness, among other things, comes out in a phrase in the same preface: "This process, though extremely slow and laborious, was not without its advantages, and I am well convinced that the authorities have been more minutely examined, more scrupulously collated, and more thoroughly digested than they would have been under other circumstances." "The Conspiracy of Pontiac" was the initial volume in a series of histories covering the varied and romantic episode of the struggle of the French for a foothold upon this continent, and the memorable war of races which wrested power from their hands and lodged it in the hands of the English-speaking peoples. No American historian has ever had richer material to deal with, nor has any had material more widely scattered and more difficult of access. In spite of his physical infirmities, Dr. Parkman made many visits to Europe, examined a vast mass of official documents, explored archives, and, with tireless persistency, made himself the master of the great body of material, written in different languages, preserved in different places, and never before brought together and collated. It was a noble work, both from the intellectual and the moral side; and, recalling the self-sacrifice, the heroic conquest of pain and weakness, the patient devotion to high ideals of exactness and thoroughness, which went into the work, it is no exaggeration to say that Dr. Parkman's life was heroic.

Upon the quality of that work it is unnecessary to comment at this time. Dr. Parkman brought to his task a vivid historical imagination, which dealt with the past as if it were the present, and which realized the figures of bygone ages as if they were the men and women of to-day. "The Old Régime in Canada," "Montcalm and Wolfe," "The Jesuits in North America," and "The Pioneers of France in the New World" are among the most brilliant books, in point of style, which have been written on this continent. Accurate to the last degree so far as the historical statement is concerned, they have the freshness, the variety, and the living interest of the best fiction. Dr. Parkman was a literary artist as well as a historian. He did not belong to that group of historians who believe that the proper way to write history is to edit the original docu

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ments and leave the task of discerning between the essentials and non-essentials to a patient reading public. On the contrary, Dr. Parkman believed that the task of the historian is to assimilate the history of the past, to discern its great lines, to recognize its influential figures, and to give the story coherent movement, living interest, and dramatic power. He lived to finish in his age the work planned in his youth, and he leaves behind him a memory of heroic devotion and of lasting achievement. His passionate love of roses seemed a part of the man's nature, for he was pre-eminently a gentleman in the refinement, the dignity, and the elevation of his life. No man has been a worthier custodian of the traditions of literature than Dr. Parkman.

The Makers of the Fair

To the Editors of The Outlook:

Since coming from Chicago I have been profoundly impressed with the educational value of the buildings and their landscape setting, and I have no doubt many thousands of people share my deep regret that so delightful a combination must be destroyed. It has occurred to me that if the same splendid ability which was brought together in making the World's Fair buildings could be utilized in a broad and large plan for the beautifying of the public part of the city of Washington, under National auspices, and with the National Treasury behind it, a result might be achieved in a dozen years or so that would be of great and permament and increasing value to this country, and consequently to the world. Is not the suggestion worth making in some form or other in your columns?

Yours sincerely, W. B. H.

It is impossible to recognize in any adequate way the services of the men who created the World's Fair, but The Outlook desires, so far as it can, to write upon the memories of those who saw the White City the names of its builders. It therefore presents in another column some account of the architects, artists, engineers, and men of affairs whose combined work showed so harmoniously and so magnificently in the order and beauty of the World's Fair. In any such summary there will inevitably be omissions, and possibly mistakes, in the endeavor to view the work of all the men concerned in right relations and in true perspective. The list of names presented by this article must not, therefore, be regarded as inclusive, but simply as representative. The credit is due, first and foremost, to the city of Chicago, without whose amazing civic spirit and energy the White City would never have arisen as by magic on the shores of Lake Michigan. In all future judgments of the restless material activity of Chicago it must not be forgotten that out of this city came the most magnificent exhibition of the possibilities of art on a great scale which has yet been seen on this continent. In this same city, so constantly credited with self-seeking, was found also the true spirit of self-denial and subordination, which prompted the energetic business men who were to put money into the enterprise to lodge in the hands of the foremost artists and architects in the country the task of realizing their ideal. Chicago made the World's Fair on as great a scale and in as noble a form as was possible, and to Chicago, therefore, belongs the final acknowledgment of indebtedness.

The sagacity with which architects, artists, and engineers were selected is in itself no small evidence of the practical genius of the community, and the result amply justified the wisdom of the selection. Never in the history of this country has there been seen so commanding an illustration of the rich possibilities of co-operative and harmonious effort as in the White City. First a great city acting as one person, then a group of builders and planners and makers acting as one person, and then a practical organization caring for details, subordinating personal interests, and, on the whole, governing the undertaking from day to day with rare good judgment and effectiveness. The debt of the country to the city which inspired and the men who made the Fair cannot yet be measured. Only the future will disclose the influence of that organized beauty on the taste and intellectual development of the American people. Those who saw the living tides that poured in and out of the White City month after month could not but feel that the vision realized on the shores of Lake Michigan was destined to become a National possession, and that the Fair would live in the memory of the whole people of the United States. More than that, it will live, as the Philadelphia Exposition lived, in higher impulses, purer tastes, and a truer art spirit. The educational influence and the educational result are to form the most abiding contribution of the Fair to the civilization of the continent.

The letter which stands at the head of this column contains a valuable suggestion, and is in itself a most significant comment on the work of the builders of the Fair. The White City was beautiful because it was harmonious, and it was harmonious because each building was constructed with reference to the surrounding buildings and to the general effect. The best of American cities are inharmonious, discordant, and lacking in dignity and beauty, because architecture is suffered, on all their streets, to run into a wild individualism. Paris is harmonious because each building is constructed with reference to the other buildings in the block to which it belongs; but in New York, Chicago, and other American cities, the sky-line of the streets presents a grotesque irregularity, four-story buildings and fifteen-story buildings standing neighbors to each other. Our cities can be made beautiful only when there is a controlling and unifying purpose in the structure of the individual buildings. The suggestion in the letter of our correspondent bears directly upon this point. There is a plan, which has been discussed many times of late years, of entirely removing the buildings from one side of Pennsylvania Avenue and making a National park, in which buildings should be placed which should be in themselves illustrations of noble architecture, and which should present a noble whole. So far, our public buildings, like most of the buildings of our colleges, are simply dropped anywhere. There is no harmony, no general effect, and, until of late years, there has been very little beauty. Our National capital, above all cities, ought to show the subordination of the individual architect and the individual architecture to a general plan; and there ought to be realized in Washington some such splendid architectural possibilities, in permanent form, as those which for a few months delighted the eye and refreshed the soul on the shores of Lake Michigan.

The Unknown Quantity

It was effectively said the other night in a church gathering, by a layman who has a knack of putting truth in terse forms, that in a prayer-meeting two and two do not always make four—they sometimes make seven; and fifteen and fifteen do not always make thirty—they sometimes make a hundred and thirty. This is the Unknown Quantity which gives to the devotional meeting its real value. "Where two or three are gathered together, there am I in the midst of them." It is this fourth Person who makes the company a sacred company, and the occasion a sacred occasion. If by the natural is meant the human, we do not have to go to Galilee or back nineteen centuries for the evidences

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of the supernatural. There is an Unknown Quantity in the true devotional meeting which is supernatural, or, if the reader prefers, superhuman. There is an eloquence not in the speakers; a music not in the songs; a love not in the hearts of those assembling. They carry away what they did not bring; and each gives to his neighbor what he did not himself possess before he came hither. A score of tired Christians get from the meeting rest; dispirited, they get courage; cold-hearted, they are kindled to a flame. It is the Unknown Quantity which does this.

To-day this is the great need of our churches. New theologies or old theologies, new methods or old methods, are of no consequence compared with this Unknown Quantity. It may make the ancient ritual to blossom like Aaron's rod; without it the ancient ritual is but a dead thing. It may make the homeliest music sweet with celestial tones; without it the best church music is as tinkling brass and sounding cymbals, which may tingle the nerves, but does not stir the blood. It may make the homeliest talker eloquent; without it his words may charm, but do not inspire. The larger the church, the more diverse its methods, the more elaborate its mechanism, the less can it dispense with the Unknown Quantity. Without it the church is an automaton; with it the church is the body of a living Christ. With it the weakest church is strong; without it the strongest church is weak. To be equipped with it should be the first object of preacher in sermon and priest in service, of teacher in lesson and of layman in prayer.

The Lottery's Refuge

The Louisiana Lottery Company is publishing an advertisement which demands the attention of all those who took part in the agitation which expelled it from our country. The advertisement reads:

"After January 1, 1894, our drawings will take place in Puerto Cortez, Honduras, Central America, under and by virtue of a contract for twenty-five years with that Government. These drawings will take place monthly as heretofore. There will be no change in the management and no interruption in the business."

At the time of the campaign in Louisiana, the mass-meeting held in Chickering Hall, in this city, demanded from Congress a law prohibiting inter-State traffic in lottery tickets. Had such an enactment been secured, the business which the Lottery Company has maintained through the express companies, after the use of the mails was forbidden, might have been broken up long before the date of the Company's expatriation from Louisiana. As a result of our temporizing with the evil, we now have it threatening us from its refuge in Honduras, with the same machinery it has employed with such disastrous effect from its old stronghold. The time to take action is at once. Before the corporation has begun its operations from Honduras, we must demand from Congress an enactment prohibiting under the heaviest penalties the bringing of lottery matter within our territory, and ask from the State Department that the influence of this Government shall be brought to bear upon the supposedly friendly power of Honduras to prevent its harboring criminals openly engaged in the violation of our laws. Fortunately, the head of the State Department, Mr. Gresham, is a man who won the enmity of the Lottery Company by his vigorous measures against it while occupying the position of Postmaster-General. We may trust that in his new post he will exhibit his old spirit, and do all that is in his power to prevent this now foreign corporation from enriching itself at the expense and by the impoverishment and corruption of American citizens. It is to the glory of this Nation that each of its commonwealths severally expelled lotteries from its borders. It is now the National duty to prevent our citizens from being plundered from beyond our borders. Now is the time to act, and if the Christian manhood and womanhood of the Nation will now make felt at Washington their indignation against the threatening international crime, the expulsion of the Louisiana Company from Louisiana may be accompanied by the extinction of the traffic within our borders. We call for action, and will gladly forward to the President and the Secretary of State whatever petitions and memorials against this crime may be forwarded to us.

Editorial Notes

Baptism with scenic accessories is certainly a novelty in sensational religious methods. The Rev. Duncan McGregor, of Philadelphia, is reported to have advertised to perform the rite of baptism at the Grand Opera-House of that city "with a spectacular imitation of the river Jordan."

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Mr. McLaughlin, the recently deposed ruler of Brooklyn, is reported to be worth $1,500,000, while Mr. Croker, Emperor of New York, had an income this season of $92,000 from his fast horses alone—to say nothing of his income from private sources. Meanwhile the London "Chronicle" is urging English electors to consider the $250,000 a year paid by all England to the Prince of Wales.

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A single issue of the Kansas City "Star" contains three distinct reports of cases in which the municipal authorities in that vicinity have openly refused to enforce the laws against gambling and liquor-selling. Yet we learn from a letter in the same paper that the police officials of Kansas City are rigidly enforcing the law closing barber-shops on Sunday. Barbers should enter politics.

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When a prominent teacher of political economy urged, a few years ago, that trades-unions should open their meetings with prayer, the suggestion was derided as evidence that the professor was completely out of touch with the labor movement. Yet the People's party in Georgia is conducting its political campaigns on this plan. Ex-Congressman Thomas E. Watson has been over the State recently, speaking in thirty-seven places to audiences averaging between three and four thousand. The Virginia "Sun," in describing his campaign, says: "His meetings are always opened with prayer, which is followed by the entire audience singing 'All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name' or 'Glory Land,' and then Mr. Watson speaks for two hours." There is certainly a new spirit entering into the politics of the South, which would not be injurious in other sections.

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The Boston "Journal" accuses The Outlook of "perversion of the truth" because it did not name the Republican members of the United States Senate in its commendation of those to whom the country is indebted for the repeal of the Sherman Act. The "Journal" says: "All the readers of The Outlook know that the Republican vote in Congress might have been cast against that measure." We should have thought it an insult to the Republican party to express gratitude to its members for voting for a measure which they believed to be right, and not yielding to the possible temptation of voting against it for the purpose of embarrassing the Administration. We commended the three Democrats who hazarded a split in their party, and to that extent their own political fortunes, in forcing through the Senate a measure which a large section of their party, both in and out of Congress, oppose; and we still think their course worthy of praise. But we should not think of bestowing praise on members of Congress for simply voting with members of an opposite party in accordance with their political convictions and those of their constituents—in other words, for performing faithfully a plain duty.

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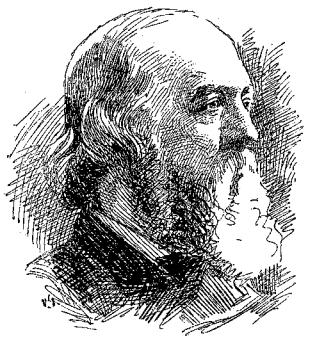
The Makers of the Fair

By Willis John Abbot[1]



F. L. Olmsted

It would be hard to determine who it was that planted the seed of suggestion which took root and grew into that glorious World's Fair in Chicago which is now rapidly being stripped of its glories and vanishing from the acres of sedgy marsh-land and drifting sands on which the once populous White City arose. Many men have claimed the honor, and each has urged his claim with a wealth of evidence and an abundance of incontrovertible dates which make adjudication of the matter almost impossible. But, after all, this is a matter of little importance. The "original World's Fair man," whoever he may have been, can have had no idea of to what his suggestion was to lead. A Fair upon which over thirty million dollars were spent before the gates were thrown open; a Fair which comprehended over one hundred and fifty-nine acres of exhibit space under roof in the principal buildings, together with fully ninety acres in State and minor buildings; a Fair which attracted nearly twenty-two million people to its gates during its six months' life—all this was beyond the imagination of any one of the early projectors. Indeed, when the first meeting of a handful of Chicago citizens, called together to consider the wisdom of holding a Fair and getting countenance and authority from Congress, was held, the very moderate proposition that each man present "chip in" $10 to cover all expenses of preliminary work was received with favor, and it was not until later that this subscription was increased to a capital stock of $25,000, which months later swelled to $10,000,000. It was with quick strides, however, that the enterprise marched on to magnitude and complete success. Many of the men who helped to start it and to urge it on fell out of the column before the goal was reached. Not all the makers of the Fair were in office at its close; some of them, indeed, were cruelly prevented by death from witnessing the consummation of the great project. Chief among these was John Welborn Root, the inspired architect whose brilliant genius conceived the plan of the White City, with its noble Court of Honor, its broad lagoons, its wooded island, and its stately colonnades. Struck down by an untimely death, without a chance to see the realization of his artistic dream, Root left a void in the organization of the Fair which has never been filled. Happily, his designs were so well perfected that it was possible to fulfill them even with the master-hand of the artist stilled forever. In all essential particulars his plans were followed. Deviations from them were made solely upon the score of economy, and marred rather than improved the general effect. No artist had ever a nobler memorial to his genius than had John Root, but, unhappily, it is not a lasting one.

H. N. Higinbotham

The architectural has been the strongest side of the Fair, but few, save members of the architects' own guild, know how much of the uniform excellence in the structures, how much of the perfect harmony of design and proportion, has been due to the exacting taste and the unwearying vigilance of Daniel H. Burnham, the Chief of Construction. Not himself the architect of any edifice upon the grounds, Mr. Burnham has had supervision of all. He set his face sternly against the cheap and meretricious, even in the secondary buildings. A bridge, a storehouse, a hastily constructed shed to hold some overflow, he insisted should have architectural character and some correlation with the general type of more ambitious structures. Nor has Mr. Burnham's artistic side alone been useful to the Fair. His remarkable executive talents were in constant exercise up to the day when the minute guns pealed a solemn salute at once to the dead Mayor and the dying Fair. Entitled Chief of Construction, Mr. Burnham held office six months after all construction was ended, and, pervading with his rigidly maintained authority all departments, afforded a most convincing proof that a wise despot—for he was a despot—is the ideal ruler. In the list of the makers of the Fair the name of D. H. Burnham should stand second only to that of his sincerely mourned partner, John W. Root.

Lyman J. Gage

All agree that the Fair's architectural features were its chief claim to pre-eminence among international exhibitions. There have been fairs with a more general representation of foreign countries, with a more impressive machinery exhibit, or with, perhaps, a wider range of industrial exhibits, but there has never been one affording so impressive a sight to the student of architecture. Among the men who made the Fair, the group of architects and artists who contributed to this triumph must be given high place. They were not selected to glorify the Chicago school of architecture, but were chosen among the most eminent of their profession in the great cities of the country. Four—in addition to Mr. Root and Mr. Burnham, of whom we have spoken—are properly to be classed as Chicagoans. Henry Ives Cobb, whose Fisheries Building is distinctly one of the great successes of the Fair; W. L. B. Jenney, the designer of the graceful structure of iron and glass whose swelling crystal dome covered the rare plants brought from all corners of the earth; Messrs. Adler and Sullivan, who planned the Transportation Building, with its "golden portal"—which, by the way, was never golden—and S. S. Beman, the architect of the Mines Building, are all residents of the World's Fair city. New York furnished the architects for three of the most notable buildings — the stately Administration Building, designed by Richard M. Hunt; the huge Manufactures Building, with its ponderous trusses roofing in forty-four acres of floor-space, designed by George B. Post; and the delicate and ornate Agricultural Building, by many esteemed the best bit of architecture on the grounds, which came from the

F. D. Millet

[1] Managing editor of the Chicago "Times."

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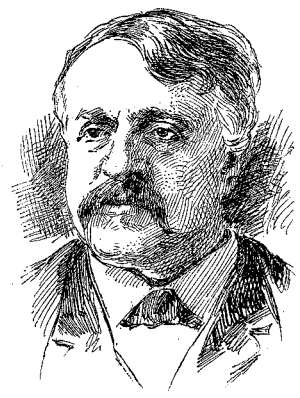
designing-room of McKim, Mead, and White. Perhaps, too, C. B. Atwood, architect of the famous and widely admired Art Building, should be classed as a New Yorker, though he is now a Chicagoan. Boston is represented in Machinery Hall, designed by Peabody and Stearns, while Kansas City, a sort of Nazareth whence few of us thought anything good artistically could come, is represented by the Electricity Building, designed by Van Brunt and Howe.

George R. Davis

But, after all, the practical man will urge, and with some reason, that the true maker of the Fair was the man who led or aided the effort to raise the money needed for all these frames of steel and these façades of staff. To name them all, or even the tenth part of them, would be to print pages of names, for all Chicago seemed to be one huge soliciting committee for World's Fair subscriptions. But among the men who administered the finances and administered the affairs of the great corporation these stand out pre-eminent: Lyman J. Gage, President for one term of the corporation, a banker—perhaps the foremost banker of Chicago—a man of active political interests and notable for his intelligent study of economic and social questions; William T. Baker, a member of the Board of Trade and an executive of uncompromising integrity, President for one term; and Henry N. Higinbotham, a partner in the mercantile house of Marshall Field, who has served as President for two terms, completing the World's Fair period. The Fair has had one Director-General, George R. Davis, an active Republican politician of Chicago. Its Solicitor-General, who at divers times enjoyed other titles, offices, and emoluments, was Benjamin Butterworth, ex-Commissioner of Pensions, and a typical Ohio Republican. Major Moses P. Handy, whose name is known in every newspaper office in the United States, was Promoter-General—an office corresponding to the genial press agent of the dramatic profession—and he promoted to such an effect that it is said the press notices of the Fair and its gaudy lithographs penetrated into darkest Africa and were not wholly unknown even in the impenetrable fastnesses of upper Fifth Avenue. And if Major Handy carried news of the Fair to strange and foreign peoples, there were other officials who brought the rare human exotic to the Fair. Perhaps first among these is to be reckoned Thomas W. Palmer, ex-Minister to Spain and President of the Board of National Commissioners. Mr. Palmer was "a big man in a little place," for neither his Board nor he had any particular authority; but, as the first proponent of the Midway Plaisance feature, he is entitled to a measure of immortality. Of the officials into whose department the industrial exhibits from foreign lands chiefly came, the principal were Walker Fearn, Chief of the Foreign Affairs Bureau, and James Allison, the Manager of the great Manufactures Building. Nor should Mrs. Potter Palmer be forgotten in this connection, for, as President of the Board of Lady Managers, she traveled over all Europe soliciting exhibits and interesting people of influence. It is generally known, too, that Chief Halsey S. Ives, of the Art Department, is one of those whose efforts—and his were most successful—were in no wise limited to domestic fields.

John W. Root

Halsey S. Ives



Thomas W. Palmer

It would be idle, however, to attempt in the brief limits of an article to enumerate, even baldly and without word of description or eulogy, the men who made the Fair. The artists alone would fill a book—Millet, Theodore Thomas, Frederick Law Olmsted, MacMonnies—each operating in a distinct field, each adding his own great share to the general pageant, and to each of whom a page of praise were none too much. Mr. Millet, representing the painters of New York; Mr. Thomas, worthily standing for the musicians of New York and Chicago; Mr. Olmsted, of New York, recognized as the country's foremost landscape gardener; Mr. MacMonnies, now most famous, perhaps, for the very beautiful fountain that bore his name, but also to be credited with much of the general and detail ornamental work of the Fair—these and many others have enhanced their own fame and have aided in producing a most harmonious and worthy whole. A book which should treat adequately of these and other "Makers of the Fair" would be a splendid record of American art and progress. The official historian of the Fair alone can do entire justice to the men who made it what it was. The verdict of press and country will be by him attested and confirmed.

D. H. Burnham

The Student Community[1]

By Hamilton W. Mabie

A very interesting and significant feature of university life in the early days was the great part played by students in the scholastic community. They were not only included in the group described by the word Faculty, but they were charged with administrative and executive functions. The movement towards self-government, which has already borne fruit in many of our colleges, is in no sense a modern influence; it is a return to a condition widely prevalent in the early history of university organization. Not only did the students share, through various deliberative bodies, in the determination of the gravest questions of academic policy, but, in many cases, the executive head of the university was chosen by them, and was often one of their number. The rector of the Italian universities was, in most instances, a student, often under twenty-five years of age. The rector of the University of Paris, who was charged with the gravest administrative functions, took precedence of the archbishop, and sat at times in the Royal Councils with princes and nobles, was originally elected by the student communities, and was often a very young man, and yet Paris was essentially a university of professors. Bologna, which was a university of students, was governed directly by the general assembly of under-

[1] Reprinted from the "Williams Literary Monthly" for October.

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graduates. Whether governed by students or by masters, these historic institutions were essentially democratic, and the student seems, on the whole, to have been the most important figure; not only because at the beginning he formed a constituency for the popular teacher, but because, later, when these throngs of students formally organized, he had the largest share of privileges, and, for a long time, the controlling voice in the management of affairs.

"Universities," said Professor Croisat at the centenary of the University of Montpellier, four years ago, "do not come into the world with a clatter. What we know least about in all our history is the precise moment when it [Montpellier] began." It is impossible, in many instances, to fix the date of the organization of many of the foremost of the older institutions; they were not made, they grew. There was a deep necessity for their existence in the intellectual and spiritual condition of the times, and they sprang into being here and there, in Italy, France, Germany, and England, in response to that need. They were notable, at the beginning, not for academic calm, but for turbulence and vitality; for they were not universities of science, they were universities of persons. The differences of scholastic rank were not very sharply defined. In the early days, whenever the university body was formally addressed by Pope or Emperor, the students were named in the same sentence with the masters.

It is unnecessary to recall here the changes in condition which have separated the student class sharply from the teaching body, and divorced it almost entirely from governmental functions. What is significant for the purpose of this article is an apparent disposition in many quarters to recede from the extreme position of entire exclusion of the student body, and a tendency to move in the other direction. That tendency may become very marked, and lead to a very radical change of policy in the government of colleges—a change so radical as to be revolutionary in its effect. It is certain that the government of colleges, like that of States, must from time to time undergo marked modifications if it is to remain vitally representative of, and harmonious with, the growing and changing life of the college. In healthy institutional life there is free play and interaction of all the forces that go to make up the organic life, and a certain flexibility is involved in all growth. The student community is, after all, in most institutions, the prime object of interest. A few foundations exist for the pursuit of knowledge for its own sake, instruction being incidental; in most institutions, however, instruction is the foremost and absorbing function, and the student's welfare is, therefore, the controlling factor. In Western colleges, where the edge of hunger for knowledge has not yet been dulled by opportunity, it is not an unknown thing for a committee of students to wait on a President or Chancellor and announce the failure of some professor to prepare himself for recitations by fresh study of his subject. It would be well if students in Eastern colleges would sometimes put on a similar boldness; they would help heads of colleges out of very trying difficulties with well-meaning but incompetent or indolent professors. Undergraduate popularity is often illusive and unstable, but undergraduate perception of incompetency is often very keen and discriminating.

But, whether admitted to, or excluded from, the government of the college, the student community plays a part not always recognized in its educational influence and work, and many men receive more influential impressions from the atmosphere in which they live and the men with whom they associate during their college career than from their instructors. Nothing is so pervasive as an atmospheric influence, and, in its way, nothing is so important. It is significant that foreign students rarely speak of Oxford without commenting on its atmosphere—something in the air of the old town which, although intangible in its operation, is a positive factor in the educational result. Specific courses of instruction are less numerous than in many other places, and such instruction as is offered is often very defective in method and spirit; but the life of the place is adjusted to intellectual work; the library facilities are great, the traditions which seem to be part of the very structure of the colleges are liberalizing and make for generous culture. In such an air it is easy to study by one's own impetus and to develop in one's self the passion for perfection. Culture differs so radically from training or from the acquirement of knowledge that it is often totally lacking in men who have carried both processes to great length; it is, indeed, rarely conveyed, though it may be greatly aided, by definite instruction. It cannot be said of the great mass of college graduates that they are men of culture. Culture comes, in a sense, by indirection; a man absorbs it and furnishes the conditions for its growth, but he does not receive it directly from his teachers. There are in every college teachers who stimulate culture in students not so much by reason of their scholarship as by reason of their attitude towards what they know. For culture is always a personal quality; a ripeness which comes from the generous enrichment of a man's nature by contact with the best things. In certain atmospheres men ripen, as in certain other atmospheres they remain hard and juiceless.

The atmospheric quality of a college is determined largely by the character and traditions of undergraduate life. If that life has generous ideals, sound impulses, and traditions which appeal to the imagination, the atmosphere will do as much for many men as the formal instruction they receive. It will inspire self-respect, fine ambitions, and general dignity and nobleness of nature. Men will be drawn together by the sympathy of aspiration, rather than by mere congeniality of habit, and their daily association will have an educational influence of the most lasting kind. It is this association which often leaves its mark on men who have failed to make right use of the opportunities for specific instruction which surround them. A college education is complete, so far as any provisional education can be complete, only when the student receives the strong impress of both teachers and associates; when instruction is competent and vital, and undergraduate life is wholesome, generous, and aspiring.

It is a significant fact that when a group of men develop creative gifts in later life, it will generally be found that their undergraduate life discovered strong sympathetic aspirations which bound them together and gave their intercourse a very stimulating quality. The action and reaction upon each other of a group of young men of generous aims are peculiarly delicate and influential, affecting the very sources of individual strength and impulse.

Such influences are intermittent and irregular; it would be a great gain if they could become continuous and, in a flexible sense, organic. Student life has been, at times, highly organized and penetrated by intellectual impulses. Colleges differ greatly in this respect, but in American colleges the student life of to-day does not anywhere realize its rich possibilities. Its interest in athletics is so great that in this single field it may be said to be fairly well organized and fairly effective in securing the end for which it works; but in no other field is a similar activity discoverable. One of the most interesting features of the intellectual and moral revival now going on in France is the notable change that has come over student life—a change shown in a revival of song, of old student customs, of solidarity of feeling, and of a generous enthusiasm for the common traditions and aims. May not American students learn something from this contemporary illustration of the possibilities of organized student life?

Never do we approach nearer to our Maker than when we cause the sunlight of heaven to beam upon the broken soul of our suffering brother.—*Cardinal Gibbons, at opening of the World's Parliament of Religions.*

It cannot be that the new commandment of brotherly love was inspired when uttered by Christ, and was not inspired when uttered by Confucius. The fact is, all religions are fundamentally more or less true, and all religions are superficially more or less false.—*Dr. Alfred Momerie, at opening of the World's Parliament of Religions.*

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Poor Little Thing!

By F. Whitmore

Poor little thing!
  Her face was so bright,
Her eyes were so clear,
  Her soul was so white—
As plain might appear
  By the smile, all angelic,
Half playful, that broke
  As from cool lips pentelic,
Of love if you spoke.
Smooth as sleep was her brow,
'Tis different now—
  Poor little thing!

As a bird with trailed wing,
  She droops and she whitens,—
A shade her brows wear;
  Still, as ever, she lightens
The load others bear,
  Unmindful of hers.
But, pray you beware!
  One name sharply stirs,
Makes her heart mantle o'er
  Her face, leaves like snow
Her cheeks, white before.
  I'll whisper it—so.
Poor little thing!

Her smiles, how they wring
  Your breast with their sweetness!
Dear child, for my part,
  In her virgin completeness
I grudged her a heart;
  In heaven, or near it,
Unsighing, unladen,
  What need has a spirit
To love like a maiden?
  Alas! she ne'er chose;
Unsought shone the sun,
  The bud oped—a rose:
The mischief was done.
  Poor little thing!

Signs of Delight

By J. E. Learned

A startling sign I came upon lately in Third Avenue near Thirty-sixth Street—"Buttons made to order from your own material." Surely there can be no wide invitation in this appeal, since even the most abject and groveling creature must needs have "a soul above buttons" when it comes to making them from his own material. Third Avenue is rich in signs; a correspondent writes: "I was this morning startled by the announcement 'Monkeys made to order,' in the window of a shop on Third Avenue near Seventy-first Street. A sign in a boot-shop on Madison Street, 'Fine custom work made to order,' seemed to me unnecessary insistence." On Third Avenue also (near Fourteenth Street) the announcement of "The Solar Enlargement Co." "with fear of change perplexes" by apparent threat of astronomical catastrophe. The effect of this is curiously heightened by the sign, only next door but one, of Sol. Prowler, justifying the Rev. Mr. Jasper's declaration that "de sun do move."

Not least among incomprehensible signs is the offer of "Ham Pumps" at the corner of Barclay and Greenwich Streets; "Meat Cutters, Sausage Stuffers, Lard Presses, Ham Pumps," it says. "Wonderment guesses" what a Ham Pump may be and for what use it is—whether to pump up hams, like petroleum, or to pump things into hams, or hams into things, or into people, after the French manner of cramming poultry. But of all signs essentially incomprehensible was that of "Boy Wanted," appearing for months in a druggist's window on Fifth Avenue. Sometimes it vanished for a day or two, but was certain to reappear; it may be there now. Absolutely incomprehensible, this; one would have expected that at its first display Fifth Avenue would have been packed with applicants for the place. We have heard of an unfortunate New Yorker who incautiously ventured a two-line "ad" for an office-boy, and was so beset by a roaring crowd that he fled through some adjoining rooms and sent up the janitor to post on his office door the notice "Gone to Europe." What impossible things could have been expected from the druggist's boy who never came? Was he required to work night and day without food or sleep, or to compound prescriptions written in Arabic, or was it proposed to try the new medicines on him? And how did all the boys in New York know that these or other inadmissible things pertained to the offer, so that they let the sign become dusty in the window? Familiar now on druggists' shops is the notice "Public Pay Station," which, though doubtless referring to the telephone service, certainly is in accord with the traditional notion of retail druggists' prices.

Here is a letter from a Western University town written by one of my most kind assistants: "Mr. Road is employed as a track-walker and inspector on a railroad in Oregon. Major Warfield is a military veteran who not long ago visited San Francisco and was given a reception by the G. A. R. men. Dr. Trimmer is a surgeon in Pacific Grove, Cal.; his name, in connection with his profession, suggests possibilities which make us shudder. A. T. Work, of the same place, has sold his wood-yard, and will take a merited rest before engaging in other employment. Mr. Slingerland is a real estate agent in Carson, Nev. There seems to be a fine free carelessness about this name not unsuited to the sanguine dealer in land. In St. Louis there is a violin-teacher who evidently spells as he pronounces, the name on his sign being: 'Gustavus Dolfuss.' And here in —— a man who advertises himself as a weaver of carpets says, by way of recommending his work: 'Last year in California I wove nearly 5,000 yards, and not one was dissatisfied;' leaving us in doubt as to whether the yards or the patrons were so well satisfied. I hope you will continue this line of research, as it is practically inexhaustible, at all times entertaining, and at times exceedingly funny."

Two strongly contrasted neighbors I discovered lately. If patients are deterred by his sign from visiting Dr. Slay, at Thirtieth Street and Broadway, they can find the other extreme of promise in Dr. Fan You, in Sixth Avenue by Thirty-fifth Street. This reminds me that not far from the latter formerly dwelt Messrs. J. Corner & Son, most unhappily *next* to the corner of Thirty-eighth Street and Sixth Avenue. They showed keen sense of the unfitness of this location by displaying two large signs on the street-front of the corner itself. Now, I observe, they have given up the struggle, having removed toward Fortieth Street, as near to the middle of the block as they could get. In Madison Avenue, near Fifty-seventh Street, one may read: "The Bovine Market, Chas. B. Gumb," a curiously droll connection because the Begums, with all good Hindus, hold cows as sacred, and look upon the slaughter of them as a sin and crime of the deepest dye. Mr. Dux, of Tenth Avenue, has a fitter name to put in front of his market; his neighbor, Heiart, a green-grocer, is less fortunate, but, again, farther up the avenue, "Thomas Stokes, Coal and Wood," restores the balance of propriety. Mr. Blackgrove, painter and decorator, of Sixth Avenue, does not by his name suggest a cheery style of work for domestic interiors.

One of my friends, an old New Yorker, insists that I must remember the signs of Joy & Grieff, once glass-dealers in Barclay Street, and Machold & Werkless, toy-dealers, formerly in the building now occupied by Hinrichs, at Park Place and Church Street. I do not remember them, but I am certain that Hinrichs's predecessor in his own business, at Liberty Street and Broadway, I think, was Werckmeister, which surely is a very singular name for a toy-dealer. The same friend gives me a very curious sign, observable, he says, from the trains of the Pennsyl-

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vania Railway approaching Philadelphia from the east—a sign of most remarkable oddity—which nearly completes the gamut in the names Doremus & Fasohl.

M. Mechanic, of Centre Street, is properly engaged in "repairing." Mr. Alfred H. Love, of Philadelphia, is President of the Universal Peace Union; and Heavenrich Bros. have lately failed in business. I have lost my reference for the name Slowbadman, which sounds like an invention but must exist somewhere, because otherwise, as Mr. Justice Stareleigh remarks, "How could I have got it on my notes?" Could I verify it, I should contrast it with the Goodenough Publishing Co., of Nassau Street, whose business ought to be tracts. A clergyman of my acquaintance, strangely enough, bore the Christian name Loammi Goodenough, and, fortunately, he was one of the very few who could go through life asking that question, sure of a universal affirmative by way of answer. Clerical names are frequently apt; I met on the same day with mention of the Rev. Mr. Paradise, and the Rev. Mr. Chrétien, long tutor of Oriel College and lecturer on theology. The Rev. Mr. Salter was chaplain in the navy; and this name is not less appropriate than the others, seeing that the Psalter is by the rubric "appointed both for Morning and for Evening Prayer."

Public Opinion vs. Prize-Fighting

By the Rev. Clarence Greeley
General Agent of the International Law and Order League

We need an educational campaign against prize-fights. Agitation and organization, sentiment and science, are both essential to the progress of moral reform under law. Dr. Parkhurst's proof of official complicity with crime gives weight to his sermons on the subject, and public sentiment is educated by the preaching or publication of the facts. No one who has read the papers has failed to note that ministers exist in such cities as New York, Brooklyn, and Jersey City, who answer Gladstone's demand for "searching" preaching, for example, against race-track gambling in New Jersey, political corruption in New York, or pugilism at Coney Island. Public sentiment is somewhat awake to the perils of lawlessness. Most of the Chicago clergy denounced Governor Altgeld and Anarchy in their sermons referring to the late Mayor Harrison.

Perhaps the most conspicuous object-lesson in regard to lawlessness is afforded by the proposed international prize-fight to be held under the auspices of the Olympic Club at New Orleans. It may teach us that the education of public sentiment is essential to thorough reform.

A year or two ago a proposed prize-fight was prevented at Minneapolis by public sentiment expressed in a mass-meeting. True, Governor Merriam prevented a prize-fight at St. Paul, in 1891, by calling out the militia, and Governor Matthews recently did likewise in Indiana. But the contestants, Fitzsimmons and Hall, simply changed their battle-ground from St. Paul to New Orleans; and if the Indiana courts decide against Griffo and Lavigne, the would-be combatants at Roby, Ind., they also may accept an invitation to the Crescent City, as Corbett and Mitchell are reported to have done when public opinion recently drove them from Coney Island.

Writing from the standpoint of law and order, I am expected to indicate the proper mode of procedure leading to the prevention of prize-fights. As Dr. Munger has said, the point to be made in such cases is not that something needs to be done. Most people accept the dictum of Professor Bryce: "The government of cities is the one conspicuous failure of the United States." We need to know, if possible, what to do and how, for example, when the gamblers have bought up the prosecuting officer, or the prosecuting officer thinks he will lose more votes next time by regarding his official oath than by disregarding it, or when every trial results in a "hung jury," so that a prosecuting officer is simply piling up costs if he tries to enforce the law.

The one thing needful in law-enforcement is thoroughness. Methods may differ according to localities and circumstances, but a sustained public sentiment is always requisite. A study of the following cases reveals the monotonous recurrence of official connivance at or collusion with crime, the consequent importance of voluntary associations for law-enforcement, the necessity of appeal to the Governor in certain emergencies, the importance of reliable judges in case of appeal, and, at every stage in the conflict, the value and power of public opinion backed by press and pulpit, and even as a makeweight for securing improved legislation. Perhaps the best thing done by the Connecticut Law and Order League has consisted in bringing out Professor Robinson's criticism of existing laws.

The following instances illustrate with the regularity of a sociological law the collusion of local authorities with crime, and the value of law-enforcement agencies; but, what is more important and striking, all seem to point to the necessity of carrying the war into the Africa of Louisiana. It is perhaps not premature to call attention to these cases now pending, since they are often referred to as if settled.

1. Take St. Paul, Minnesota.

In the summer of 1891 a prize-fight was widely advertised to be held at St. Paul. Law-abiding citizens asked the Mayor to stop it. He replied that, on the contrary, he would protect that fight with his police, and see that it was not interfered with. The citizens then arose in a mass-meeting. Archbishop Ireland took a leading part. A Law and Order League was formed July 22, 1891, with Judge McMillan as President. Application was made by the citizens to the Governor and to the Sheriff to stop the fight. The Sheriff asked the Governor, William R. Merriam, what to do. The Governor sharply told the Sheriff to do his duty. The latter replied that he lacked men. The Governor then ordered out a company of the National Guards, who marched to the building erected for the fight, turned every one out of it, and patrolled it all night. This discouraged the promoters, and effectively prevented the Fitzsimmons-Hall prize-fight. I have the above facts from a leading attorney at St. Paul.

But the end was not yet. Driven from one city, the combatants fled to another. They went to New Orleans, and, under the direction of the Crescent City Club, engaged in what the Attorney-General of Louisiana claims to have been a prize-fight.

2. Indiana.

Early last spring a company was formed and incorporated under the name of the Columbian Athletic Club, which built a large amphitheater at Roby, Indiana, for the purpose of holding prize-fights. From seven to ten thousand, largely from Chicago and Cincinnati, assembled at each meeting. It was the duty of the Sheriff and the prosecuting attorney to interfere; but it seemed impossible to sustain the law through the local officials. Consequently the Governor, Claude Matthews, ordered out the militia in sufficient force, as was hoped, to arrest the principals, seconds, officers of the club, and a large number of spectators. But upon hearing that the militia would be there the Club abandoned its meeting. Governor Matthews informs me that he is satisfied that no more meetings will be held there. Application was made by Judge Gillett for a writ of *quo warranto* to annul the Roby Club charter, an order was issued restraining the club from going on with its fight, and finally for the appointment of a receiver. The matter of the receiver is now before the Supreme Court, and the criminal prosecution of those arrested for taking part in the prize-fights will occur this month (November) in the Circuit Court.

A prize-fight was held later in the southeastern part of Indiana, about eighteen miles from Cincinnati. A train was loaded up at Cincinnati, came out after dark, and landed at the Lawrenceburg Fair Grounds without a headlight, the blowing of a whistle, or the ringing of a bell. The Fair Grounds were broken into, a prize-fight held, and the crowd reloaded on the train and carried out of the State. Papers are now out for the arrest of the principals, and *quo warranto* proceedings have been issued against the railroad corporation that brought them into the State. Governor

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Matthews has determined to use every proper means to prevent such contests in his State. (Indiana has a very meager statute, which may be found in the revised statutes of Indiana, '88, at section 1,979.)

In the Roby case Sheriff Friederich was incensed at the Governor's action. The Attorney-General of Indiana insisted that no one could properly interfere with the local authorities unless those authorities asked assistance—that Governor Matthews could not properly act. A State law, however, was violated.

3. Coney Island.

A prize-fight was recently advertised to be held under the auspices of the Coney Island Athletic Club. According to statements in the New York "Times," among the members of the club there were a sheriff, three justices, a chief of the fire department, and a chief of the police.

Public sentiment was awakened by such papers as the "Times" and by many of the Brooklyn ministers. It only took a hint from the Mayor to the prosecuting attorney that he was expected to do his duty to end the Corbett-Mitchell preparations in Brooklyn. Judging by the past, one expected to hear the cry, "On to Louisiana." And the report has come that the Olympic Club of New Orleans has offered the would-be Coney Island contestants a purse of $20,000 for a glove contest. (New York has an excellent statute against prize-fighting, which may be found in sections 458–64 of the Penal Code, or on page 2,355 in the Revised Statutes of '90.)

4. Louisiana.

Louisiana seems to be the State in which the moral (as well as the physical) contest must be settled. Thither Fitzsimmons and Hall resorted when driven out of Minnesota. If the Indiana courts decide against the Columbian Athletic Club at Roby, the pugilists Griffo and Lavigne may go to Louisiana, whither Corbett and Mitchell have been invited. For Louisiana seems to have no statute against prize-fighting, and it is not a distinctive offense, although where moral fiber exists among citizens and officials the combatants may be indicted for assault, affray, or riot, perhaps. Louisiana seems to be under the civil law derived from the Code Napoleon. Ex-Governor Nicholls, now Chief Justice of the Supreme Court, is the man who called out the militia to prevent the Sullivan-Kilrain fight in Louisiana. Judge Ellis, who has jurisdiction in the Fitzsimmons-Hall case (referred to above) is thought to favor the declaration that all glove contests are illegal.

We conclude that, while local circumstances should be considered, still two modes of action are always essential:

(*a*) The method of law-enforcement.

Most authorities agree that prize-fighting is unlawful even in Louisiana. The New Orleans "Daily Picayune" thinks that the Judge of the Supreme Court in that State will decide against it. Science is needed as well as sentiment. A definitely organized society should see that a careful and painstaking attorney is secured. Sullivan was arrested for fighting in Mississippi, July 8, 1889; but the verdict for the State from the Circuit Court was set aside by the Supreme Court because of the insufficiency of the indictment. (67 Miss. Reports, 352.)

(*b*) The method of awakening public sentiment for a definite purpose. Moral suasion.

Northern papers assisted in driving the lottery business out of Louisiana; why not dispose of prize-fighting in like manner? In this they will have the co-operation of the best citizens of Louisiana. Failing in their immediate object, let them so awaken public sentiment that Louisiana will have a suitable statute next May. The National chain of law is no stronger than its weakest point, Louisiana. This is an inter-State, National, and even international subject, and not only the press and the pulpit, but also the courts, with their convictions and acquittals, are, perhaps, thus far chiefly important because of their influence on public opinion. Sentiment is needed as well as science. The International Law and Order League sets before it, as the chief object to be attained, the awakening of a proper National sentiment. Let us have an educative campaign. On to Louisiana!

The Greater Glory[1]

By Maarten Maartens

Author of "God's Fool," "Joost Avelingh," "An Old Maid's Love," etc.
(Begun in The Outlook for July 1.)

CHAPTER XXXVIII.—*Continued*

Reinout loitered to and fro along the great, dim library. The weather was dreary outside, in the drip of a widespread thaw. There had been no books at the Hague, except his mother's boxes of novels. Novels were not books. These latter were for schoolmasters, professors, and suchlike. He now pulled out one or two from curiosity—philosophical works of eighteenth-century Frenchmen.

"Merci, maman," he said, with a yawn, as he replaced them. He knew, disastrously, that his father thought his poetastic mother a fool.

He knew also that they differed about himself. Even now, as he left their presence, he had heard the Count begin: "Ma chère, I regretfully disagree with you—" A moment before he had had to endure the most vehement reproaches on account of his intercourse with the village lads. Count Hilarius had been irritably violent, seeking offense where Reinout felt there was none. The boy considered himself aggrieved by the thought that his father was constantly stopping him somewhere.

Still with his hands in his pockets, he wandered into a little nondescript turret-chamber, where he found Cécile engaged at an old piano. His was not a deeply musical nature, but at this moment the melodious majesty of Beethoven swept solemnly upon his sullen mood.

He stood listening, and when she paused and looked at him with those kind gray eyes of hers—

"What do you do, Freule," he asked, suddenly, "when you don't understand?"

"How so, René?" This, evidently, was a case in point.

"About what people want you to do, I mean. And what you ought to."

"I ask God," said Cécile, softly.

"Dear me! I thought you were too old to say your prayers!"

The young Freule's eyes grew troubled, and she looked as if she were anxiously searching for fit expression. But she only blushed, and murmured, "Poor René!"

Reinout wandered off into the hall. Why did all good people pity him? Ever since he could remember, Monsieur de Souza had called him "Fortune's Favorite."

He went up to his afternoon lessons. Tutor and pupil were reading together the memoirs of a Gentilhomme de la Chambre of Louis le Bien-aimé. Reinout thought it dull work. He was blasé at fourteen. But that was what the Count had always wanted: "There is no strength in the world," said Count Rexelaer, "equivalent to beginning life blasé."

But it had never struck him that Reinout, weary of his great world's littleness, might look out for another. Count Rexelaer did not know there was another world.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

HONEST HEARTS

The Chalk-house Farm was sinking to sleep under the dying day. Across its low brown roof the massive shadows broadened, seeming to pull down the heavy thatch, like a nightcap, over little windows, that blinked drowsily, black against the fading light. The few gaunt beeches which overtop the prostrate building stretched out their straggling arms to heaven, in appeal for a covering too long withheld. Heaven answered by dropping its clouds among them, and gradually wiping them out of sight. In the red-brick courtyard, between the bake-house and the living-house, a belated chicken was nervously overdoing its supper, if meals can be distinguished in a chicken's twelve hours' uninterrupted feed. A brown mongrel lay by the door and, occasionally opening one eye, stared vaguely at the four poles of the empty haystack. Over the

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whole landscape hung a gloomy calm. The gloom, not the calm, hung over Lise, who stood waiting by the long white fence which separates the farmyard from the high-road.

Her mother came out into the twilight with a bright blue milk-pail. "He'll know soon enough, child," she said. "You needn't be in a hurry to tell him."

"Don't, mother," said the girl. Young people have no taste for irony. Lovers least of all.

"But of course your father knows best," continued Vrouw Driest, and disappeared through the low door, muttering. Hardly an hour went by but Lise heard those words from her mother's lips. They were the farm-wife's all-sufficient solace among the misfortunes and failures of life. She forgot them when anything turned out well.

There had been a time when Lise had occasionally answered: "But, mother, it was you that said—" "Hush, child, how can you be so headstrong! Of course your father knows, though *I* should not have sold that cow."

"She is over-anxious to tell him," repeated Vrouw Driest as she returned to the farm-kitchen. Peasants always communicate a thought to a number of people in succession. "I tell her he will hear it soon enough," she added, bending over the pot which simmered on the fire. The husband, a ponderous, slow-smoking man, whose very arm, where it lay inert on the table, was heavy with depression, never even moved in reply.

"I always thought it would come to this," said the wife, bustling about the kitchen. How often had she not declared that no power on earth would drag her to the Castle! But Driest, who had earned a quiet life by playing scapegoat, could not refuse the rôle to-day, when on the point of being hunted into the wilderness.

"There's the chaise," said the wife presently, and went to the door. "He's sold the filly," she added, and turned away again. "Let them do their kissing and nonsense alone," she thought, and cast a sad smile across at her husband's bent head.

"Thys," said the girl, at the gate, in the twilight, "it has come. Dievert told father this morning. The lease is not going to be renewed."

The young man checked his horse with a jerk, and, falling back, from the shock, in the light wooden chaise, he swore aloud at Count Rexelaer.

The girl said no more, walking beside the horse, as her lover slowly guided him into the stable. He also spoke very little, unharnessing, while she helped him, and beginning to whistle, meditatively, as he shook out the straw. Presently she caught up a pitcher, and, perhaps as an apology for her ill-tidings, went to fill it at the well. Without a word of thanks to interrupt his whistling, he took it from her, but as they crossed the courtyard together he said: "This will put off our marriage, Lise, till the Lord knows when." "Mother doesn't understand about my wanting to tell you," answered Lise, "but it didn't seem like knowing till both of us knew." He did not ask her to explain her meaning, though perhaps he hardly understood it. "Poor mother!" he said, and they passed into the kitchen, where the meal lay spread beneath the dismal lamp.

"Well, Thys?" said the farmer, moving at last from his stolid despair. "I've done well," replied Thys, and, even at this moment, a note of triumph penetrated his voice. He had been away for three days, to the great Easter horse-fair at Utrecht. "There were French traders. These Frenchmen pay well." His uncle—he called him "father"—nodded solemn approval, and said "Good." That is a great deal for a farmer.

Then they sat down to supper in silence, till the mother began: "The family are back, Thys. They arrived on the day you left."

"Did they?" said Thys. His heart was heavy, but he cut himself an enormous chunk of bread.

"Yes, and I think the old Heer might have come to see us. But no doubt your father knows."

The old man looked straight across into his foster-son's eyes. "Lise has told you," he said. Thys nodded, with his mouth full.

"It's worse for you, boy. Mother and I are old."

"Speak for yourself, father," broke in his spouse. "I hope to make butter yet for twenty years, please God."

"And where'll you make it?" said the farmer.

After that a thoughtful silence fell upon the little company, not even broken when the Baron van Rexelaer suddenly stood in their midst. They shuffled awkwardly to their feet, in a movement of general embarrassment, around the half-finished meal.

"Can you let me have a cup of coffee, Vrouw Driest?" said the Baron, with extended hand.

The woman was a sour-visaged woman, but, at this mark of condescension, her expression grew positively fierce with emotion. She had lived all her life at Deynum; the Baron, to her, was still sovereignty personified. She hurried into her parlor to get one of her grandmother's eleven Japanese cups. Alas that there should be eleven! Had not Vrouw Driest's sister-in-law, on the occasion of Lise's birth, in dusting—There is an old saying, by one who knew, about "renovare dolorem." The sister-in-law is still ashamed.

There was a moment's interruption of washing and wiping. "No one that we know of has ever used this cup before, Mynheer," said the farmer's wife, with pardonable pride, as she placed the bit of blue china before the Baron. "You and I, Driest," began that gentleman, abruptly, "are companions in misfortune. But I want to think that yours is preventable. Can nothing be done?"

"Ah, that's what I say," remarked the wife.

"You should have said it sooner, then," retorted the farmer, turning angrily upon her. "If the Count says 'Go,' landheer, go we must"

"But need he say it? Don't think I don't love you for what you've done." He held out his hand, which the slow farmer took deferentially. "There, now that's settled, I want you to do me another favor, the next best. I want you to go up to the Castle and see the Count yourself."

"Never. We need no Counts here," burst in the wife. Then she pursed up her lips and fixed her eyes on the Baron's cup. Thys had moved his long legs under the table. Lise signed to him to keep still.

"It's no use," continued the Baron. "We poor people must bend or break. I'm broken. You'd better bend."

"We did it for the best," said Driest, a little sore.

It was this very soreness the Baron dreaded. He was not a diplomatist, but he was resolved to save these poor people.

"Look here," he said. "If the Count renews, you'll go up and thank him. Eh?" He turned to the wife.

"The farmer knows best, landheer," replied that lady, promptly. *She* was a diplomatist.

"He's a thief," said the farmer, slowly. "He's no Rexelaer."

"Father!" cried Lise.

"Ay, 'father'! What's the likes of him to come among the likes of us? As soon have some false stock of my granduncle's breeding—he was a wild chap and went to Town for a hair-dresser—setting up at the Chalk-house Farm as a Driest!"

Music as all this might be to the Baron's ears, he saw the danger of it. "And who knows what *will* happen at the Chalk-house Farm," he said, coming round quickly to the practical side, "when you are no longer master here?"

Vrouw Driest heaved a notable sigh.

"I don't care to be," replied the farmer, doggedly, "not under the new lord. Deynum isn't Deynum with a Gueux at the Castle. The Rexelaers have gone, and they were here longer than we by a matter of many hundred years. We can go where Mynheer the Baron's gone. It isn't so far as America, I suppose. Eh, Vrouw?"

"We've come back to remain," said the Baron, huskily, moved to the very bottom of his heart. "I can't live anywhere else, Driest, nor can the Baroness. Now, how about you? Don't deceive yourself, my good, faithful friend. Old clodhoppers can't breathe on any clod but their own." He waved his hand to them all, and hurried away. The farmer brought down his enormous fist on the table with a crash that set all the dishes dancing. Thys smiled sav-

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agely. Vrouw Driest caught up her grandmother's cup and laid it in her lap.

The Baron, slowly returning homewards, halted for a moment upon the little village green. At this hour the place was quite deserted, but in the darkness you could trace the shapes of the Church and School, and other few buildings scattered around. That light yonder was Job Henniks'! There the cronies of the village were doubtless assembled, discussing the old lord and the new.

"Mynheer van Rexelaer, might I speak to you for a moment?" said a polite voice, which he did not recognize, at his side. He turned. "They told me at the priest's you would be coming this way. I am John Borck. It is, unfortunately, many years since we met."

"It is," said the Baron, stiffly, to his wife's old antagonist. They walked along the road, side by side, the Baron painfully expectant.

"The matter is purely one of business," began the Lord of Rollingen, stammering out the central thought of his previously prepared speeches, "and it is always best, I think, to transact business personally. I—I—if I understand rightly, there are some objects from the Castle you wish to do away with. If I am mistaken, I beg pardon."

"I have decided nothing as yet," said Baron Rexelaer, not in a pleasant tone of voice.

"Still, supposing you should resolve to—I understood from Cécile Borck, who is staying—look here, Rexelaer, we used to know each other well enough once. I don't want to do you a favor. Not I; I want you to do me one. You know I'm a great man for antiquities and family histories"—Baron Rexelaer knew nothing of the kind—"now what's the use of selling portraits, for instance, to brokers? The Rexelaers and the Borcks have been closely connected in the centuries when nobody differed about religion, and a lot of your belongings must be of especial value to us. Now, why shouldn't you sell them to me, as I want them? If you like, we could easily make out an agreement that, in the next twenty years, you or your daughter could take them back—at the same price. I think that would be fair. Or the same price and four per cent. interest. Yes, that would be fairer." This last inspiration came to John Borck in the moment of speaking, and hugely delighted him.

"It can't be, Borck," said the Baron, in an unsteady voice, now. "For one thing, my wife wouldn't like it."

"Nor would mine," rose to honest John Borck's lips, but he checked the words. "It is merely a business transaction," he repeated.

"Nevertheless, I am most deeply grateful for your generous offer"—Baron Borck would have interrupted—"No, no, do not think I cannot comprehend. Your kindness even emboldens me, while refusing one service, to ask for another. Will you let me?"

"What is it?" queried cautious John Borck.

"There is a man here, one of my old farmers, who cannot get on under the new régime. He is a good man; the question is a—a personal one, regarding myself. It is Driest, of the Chalk-house, which you have long wanted to buy. If you had a farm for him, on the other side of Rollingen, I—I should look upon it as a great kindness to myself."

"I shall bear it in mind," said Borck. They had reached the parsonage. "Permit me one question in parting," continued the Lord of Rollingen. "If you sell these things to strangers, how will you prevent Count Rexelaer's ultimately acquiring them?"

And now it will seem incredible to those who live in Koopstad and are wide-awake that this sleepy, single-thoughted country gentleman had never even caught a glimpse of his danger.

"Remember what happened about the Castle. That was a dirty trick, I thought. I know a good deal about the Rexelaers, more than you think. I was in no hurry to call on the people. But my cousin, you remember, married the brother."

"There is a good deal to know," said the Baron.

"Perhaps I know it. I know about the 'k' in their name, for instance. Ah, you didn't expect that, did you? I told you I was a bit of an antiquary. Now, to a great many people, that 'k' wouldn't matter a brass cent; it does to you and me, because we are old fogies. The old fogies ought to stick together in this brand-new day. You can take time to consider my proposal. I am in no hurry. Good-night."

"Good-night, and God bless you, John Borck," said the Baron van Rexelaer. Here was a kind word from one of his own class at last.

The Lord of Rollingen was one of the richest and most powerful nobles in the country. He was a strange, quiet man, of strong idiosyncrasy, who allowed his wife to do whatever she chose, except on the rare occasions when he did not want her to do it. When his young cousin Cécile, who scarcely knew her mighty kinsman, had penetrated into his room that morning with much fear and trembling, he had first been taken by surprise, then interested, then greatly pleased. He was an aristocrat down to the bottom, and therefore a just man as well as a proud. It is only your nine-tenths aristocrat who is prejudiced beyond the limits of justice.

"You are right, Cécile," had said Baron John Borck.

CHAPTER XL.

OF SOME THAT RETURNED TO DEYNUM AND SOME THAT DEPARTED THENCE

As spring went slowly deepening into summer—the process takes a long time in our northern region!—the Countess Margherita's heart began to soften a little towards Deynum. It was by no means a cold heart; it was a warm heart benumbed. From her new conservatory—the excrescence—she would sadly watch the sun in his daily struggles to climb higher behind the gaunt rampart of distant trees; and when suddenly, one pale morning, the grim wall stood colored over with a faint shimmer of silver-green promise, she screamed aloud to Laïssa, and went dancing away among her plants, like a butterfly, with all the parrots yelling and all the dogs wildly capering around her. Count Hilarius, who seldom took any notice of her "extravagances," looked in at the door. "What now?" he inquired, as she whirled past him, holding the furiously barking Florizel triumphantly aloft. "It is spring!" she cried back at him. "Summer is coming, *your* summer, the pale one, the second-best! Houp-là, Amarinda, ma belle!" "Oh Printemps, ô mon roi, que j'adore! Oh Printemps qui—qui—qui—ô Flore! Go away, Ilario; I cannot compose while you are by!" Count Hilarius most willingly went away.

"Laïssa," said the Countess, stopping, out of breath, "I have often thought during the last long months that purgatory must be like this, all black. If only it gets a little greener—a little greener!"

"You did not like it any better when it was white," replied Laïssa.

"And you, then?" cried Margherita, impatiently.

"Ah, M'am Rita"—the mulatto shivered—"you speak of purgatory; it is hell. Paradise is flaming hot. Hell is, like Holland, *cold*."

At the Hague things had been different. In a city the seasons do not change; only the temperature changes. And the Countess Rexelaer's temperature had been regulated by the heating-apparatus.

[To be continued]

A correspondent sends us the following:

"The discussion of the foreign element in France, referred to in a recent issue of The Outlook, lends additional interest to a statement contained in a foreign journal as to the distribution of Frenchmen outside of their native land. While the number of foreigners in France at the present is not far from two million, that of Frenchmen living in foreign countries reaches scarcely half a million. Of these, about 175,000 are settled in the different European countries, over half of them being in Belgium and Switzerland, and only about 2,000 in Germany. In North and South America there are more than 200,000 Frenchmen, almost equally divided between the two continents."

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The Home

The Enemy of Ignorance

There recently appeared in the columns of the daily papers an account of the arrest of a man for committing fraud. He had sold forty-three chattel mortgages to a woman for forty-three hundred dollars. After the purchaser had paid the money and received the papers, she investigated and found that some of the mortgages purported to be given from houses the street numbers of which belonged to vacant lots, and that a number were given on store fixtures in houses where there were no stores, and on stores owned by other people than those named in the mortgage. The man who sold the worthless papers acknowledged, after his arrest, that they were worthless; that the people named in them never existed, so far as he knew, outside of his own imagination. Why did not the woman who lost her money investigate, or cause to be investigated, the value of the papers before she paid for them? The answer must be that the woman had but indifferent knowledge, if any, of the kind of security she was about to purchase.

There are certain kinds of knowledge that come to men through conversation. They do not make the effort to acquire legal knowledge, or to understand what is meant by the words used to describe certain kinds of securities; but it comes to them because they are in the business world, a world that has a vocabulary peculiar to itself which rarely intrudes into social intercourse, and more rarely still into family intercourse, unless there are financial interests at stake that are the subjects for family discussion. This it is that leaves the mass of women so ignorant of business; it is this ignorance that gives rise to some funny stories that are lost when told to women, for they do not understand the point, usually. Such stories are those of the woman who resented being told that she had overdrawn her bank account when more than half her checks were in her checkbook, not used; and of the other equally intelligent woman, traveling in Europe, who wanted her husband to get her a letter of credit for ten thousand dollars, and who wrote angrily, in reply to his statement that he could not afford to give her a letter for that amount, that he must be poor indeed if he could not get credit for ten thousand dollars. It is this ignorance of the meaning of business terms that makes women so often the easy victims of sharp practice, just as their ignorance makes them, sometimes, guilty of sharp practice. The law lectures for women now given in so many cities should be attended by every woman who is, or expects to be, the custodian of property. The time and money spent will be a good investment. The value of a knowledge of law to women working in philanthropic directions is well understood. It is not fiction, but fact, that a group of intelligent women in one of our Eastern States got up a petition to the Legislature and carried it through their township for signatures, beseeching that body to pass a liquor law looking to certain results, when that law had been on the statute-books of the State for ten years.

Women engage in certain lines of philanthropic work. They may see a family live under conditions that threaten them every day with disease, if not death, and yet the authorities are not appealed to. Why? Because the would-be reformer does not know that the best ally she has in elevating that family is the State or municipal law; the best lever, the power of the law as it is embodied in its officers.

Law is not the enemy of the people or of the individual, but the friend. It is the enemy of injustice, of crime, of disorder, even of disease, if only justice, innocence, order, health, understand how to command its aid.

After Graduation, What?

To Parents

By Charlotte N. Porter

Some one once asked Fénelon what constitutes a good sermon. He answered: "The test of a preacher is not that his congregation go away saying, 'Oh, what a beautiful sermon!' but that they go away saying, '*I will do something.*'"

At the last Vassar College Commencement the French preacher's test of a good sermon was more than once unwittingly applied to a college. Again and again, as the question was asked one and another of the graduates, "What are you going to do now?" the answer was, "I don't know yet, but I shall *do something.*" For both school and college, the intensity and direction of this wish to do something must gauge the success or failure of its work.

It cannot be said in the future, as it has been in the past, that "Woman is the standing conundrum of history, to be written with an interrogation or an exclamation point." Now woman's place and work in the world are as definite and positive as man's. True, she has been long in finding them, and poorly trained for them. Now that they are found, however, and training to meet every demand is offered her, it is no longer a question of woman's "rights," but woman's duty—her duty to herself and to the place and the work for which God created her. "An uneducated woman is even more a mistake than an uneducated man." And why? Because, as Mrs. Van Rensselaer tells us, "If the purpose of education is to make a knowing and thinking mind, certainly life and the world force upon the man a mental training and an experience to which the woman is not generally subjected, a training that may partly do for him what education alone can thoroughly accomplish for her."

But at this stage of the world's progress it surely cannot be necessary to repeat and emphasize arguments for the thorough education of woman. Indeed, the purpose of education, "the growth of the human mind," places the higher education of woman beyond controversy, unless we are willing to admit that "woman's mind is less important than man's mind."

Therefore, the vital question that concerns us to-day is not, Shall we educate our girls? but, What are our girls going to do with their education after they get it? Of course, there are plenty of girls to whom this question never comes. To many, the end of school life means only a happy release from disagreeable duty and an opportunity for unlimited loafing and "good times." These are the girls with whom the school has failed, and whom it must, alas! hand over to other influences to suggest both question and reply. But by its thoughtful, earnest girls the question is asked so often, and many times so despairingly, that its answer becomes one of the gravest responsibilities laid upon the teacher.

The girl's longing for definite work is only a natural propensity of human nature—the wish to be occupied; a propensity that shows itself in its lower forms in the child's ceaseless activity and the idle man's chase for a new excitement; in its higher form, in "Wist ye not that I must be about my Father's business?" If the higher longing is never roused, or is aroused only to be thwarted, what is the result? We see it every day in the young girls and women of idle, purposeless lives—in their restlessness, their desire for constant excitement, their ennui, their nerves, their empty talk, their pitiful vacuity of mind and soul. This is Dr. Parkhurst's stern arraignment of such lives. "If it happens," he says, "that I am speaking to any young woman whose property, actual or prospective, renders work unnecessary as a livelihood, and who, on that score, excuses

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herself from actual service of some kind in others' behalf, I am going to say to you, in kindly candor, three things: You are a dishonor to your sex; you are a traitor to your kind; you are a renegade from the cause of the Divine Master. Let me add, for your sake and that of your father and mother, that an aimless life is property upon which the devil regularly holds the first mortgage. Aimlessness is certain to drift, and the drift is never up stream. What begins with aimlessness easily hardens into selfishness; and selfishness, with means to gratify it, is the prolific mother of a large and bad brood." This is a terrible picture of waste and failure. Surely we do not need to keep it before us to make us respect profoundly our girls' longing for work. "Shall a child ask bread and we give him a stone?"

If your son has a special talent for some occupation, or even a strong liking for it, do you, under ordinary circumstances, hesitate long over what his work shall be? Is there any valid reason why the case should be different with your daughter? Surely you love her as well and are as anxious for her happiness. It is rather because of your love for her, your desire to keep her near you, that you insist that she shall not go out into the world to work at the task of her choice. It is largely from your wish to relieve her precious shoulders of burden-bearing, but partly, oftentimes, because you do not like to have it said that your daughter is self-supporting, that you oppose her desire to be an independent wage-earner. Would it not be the truer, higher love—unless, of course, there is work that she ought to do at home—for you to forego your happiness in your daughter's society and the pleasure of keeping her dependent upon you, when aptitude and inclination and often duty seem to be calling her away from her home? Is it really love for your child, or is it love for yourselves, that makes you demand that she sacrifice to your pleasure her higher usefulness and happiness? Would a father say to his son, "My boy, your mother and I are lonely without you; you must stay at home, go out to afternoon teas and parties with us, and keep us company in the big, empty, house. I have enough for us all, so there is no need of your bothering your head about supporting yourself"? Would he expect his son to be happy under such circumstances? Why, then, his daughter? "It would distress you," says the writer of a powerful article on "The Waste of Women's Intellectual Force," "to have a group of idle sons, thirty or forty years of age, hanging around your home; you would not expect them to be contented, and you would probably blame yourself for having somehow erred in their training. But you like to have a group of idle daughters about you. You think it very strange if they are discontented, and you rarely feel that to them, as well as to their brothers, the real opportunities of life should have been widely opened."

Apart, however, from the consideration of a girl's happiness, is the higher one of her right to her own life—it seems almost as if one might say, of her right to her own soul. It is a very solemn thing to lay hands upon a young life and to say, "For my gratification and my pleasure you must give up your plan of life, and shape yourself to mine." Rather let us say with Hannah, when she took Samuel to the boarding-school of the prophets, "For this child I prayed, and the Lord hath given me my petition which I asked of him. Therefore also I have granted him to the Lord; as long as he liveth, he shall be granted to the Lord."

On this high vantage-ground, how clearly marked out is the path before us! Our daughters must bring their womanhood, as our sons their manhood, to help the world, *because* there is a "difference between them," and their work, "though parallel, is not identical." Many things the one can do that the other cannot possibly do. And for the rest, the only question of "right" is, Which can do it better?

Holy in the German language—*heilig*—also means healthy. Our English word whole—all of one piece, without any hole in it—is the same word.—*Carlyle.*

The Art of Not Growing Old

By Alethe Lowber Craig

It has not been many years since the art of growing old gracefully was one of the arts considered necessary for every woman to acquire when she reached the age of thirty-five. From that time forth she was to let herself gently down from everything that was pleasant or active. Thirty-five was the Rubicon of her grace and her charm. Pretty toilettes and becoming hats were for her ridiculously frivolous, and any fondness for attention and admiration she might have indulged in before was to be laid aside forever.

And at forty? Ah, then even the question of growing old gracefully was treading on absurdity, and she must learn to grow old courageously, which meant stepping out of life's race altogether, as far as keeping pace with the world's advance was concerned, or, at least, contributing towards it. Her mission thenceforth, if married, was to keep the domestic wheels well oiled, wear caps and spectacles, and benignly view from her chimney-corner the triumphal march of the younger members of her circle.

If she was so unfortunate as to be stranded, unmarried, on the bleak coast of forty years, she might find refuge in the homes of her friends, and be tolerated, but more than that she could hardly expect.

But the *fin de siècle* has changed all that. Now the great art in life is not to grow old at all, and it no longer seems necessary to judge age by years. Not that gray hair and spectacles have been eliminated. Neither does the credit of this change rest upon complexion specialists. But women have been emancipated from the idea that age comes with years, and that youthful feelings are compatible only with youthful birthdays. They have found that active exercise, change of scene, and a constant, ready sympathy with the world's progress leave no time to mourn over the flight of years. They do not feel old, they forget that they are old, and, virtually, they are not old.

The fashions uphold them in this *Nirvana* of change and age. Modes are the same for débutantes and matrons. With girls and grandmothers alike the vital question is, "Is it becoming?" not, "Is it too youthful?" And daughters and mothers may be equally picturesque, or equally "1830," without arousing criticism. The milliner with the temerity to offer an "old lady's bonnet," even if her customer is in the seventies, would not find herself popular nowadays.

A case in point is that of a dressmaker who advised a lady verging upon eighty not to select the costume of pale blue that she had under consideration.

"I think," said the indiscreet autocrat of gowns, "that old ladies look their best in gray or black."

"I agree with you," cheerfully assented the youthful (?) customer. "When *I* am old *I* shall wear gray or black."

Of course the gates of youth must sometime close behind us, but they are less inexorable in these latter days, and thirty-five is no longer the bogie it was of yore. A woman can be young, freshly, vividly young, but once, though the period of adolescence, of ripened faculties, of perfection, may endure without going to seed until the day comes

> When the house will be quiet and she be at rest,
> With a single white rose on her motionless breast.

At thirty-five a woman is reaching the zenith of her powers. She has gained experience, her impulses have become reasons, her culture is at its height; while her beauty and charm are not less than at twenty-five—on the contrary, they are probably more brilliant; and, altogether, her influence is greater. If she has kept her strength and talents fresh, as a member of society she is more delightful than those much younger; and educational posts and literary positions that would never be offered to her much younger sister are open to her.

In some notable instances, thirty-five has been the starting-point of an enviable career in letters. Amelia E. Barr only then needed and found her powers. "H. H." never had thought of writing until she reached that age, yet what

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a beautiful work was accomplished by her before she found her resting-place in the shadow of the Rocky Mountains!

Still, the dear old grandmother, in kerchief and cap, sitting by her fireside in a list-bottomed rocker, clicking knitting-needles and crooning hymns, or slowly turning her Bible leaves at life's sunset hour, is a lovely picture that may not be wholly supplanted by the grandmother in Paris stays, picture hat, every line that engraved the story of the laughter or the sorrow of her life massaged from her face, and her finger between the pages of the latest analytical novel.

Bright, alert, and charming as she is, it is with grandmothers as with Miss Thackeray's angels, "Who says they must be all young and splendid? Will there not be some comforting ones, shabby and tender, whose radiance does not dazzle nor bewilder; whose faces are worn, perhaps, while their stars shine with a gentle, tremulous light, more soothing to our aching, earth-bound hearts than the glorious radiance of brighter spirits?"

An Important Domestic Question

Nearly all intelligent housekeepers have a desire to prevent waste, to purchase economically, to manage the financial affairs of their housekeeping so as to produce the best results with the least expenditure of money. The most intelligent also consider expenditure of time and strength, and often realize that it is better economy to spend money in order to economize physical power; that spending money is often the surest economy. Whether to buy by wholesale or not is an oft-disputed question. The purchasing of things in quantities does possess certain advantages that are not all to be rated in the money saved. There are a great many women whose outside interests demand a great deal of time, and yet these women are good housekeepers, and many of them are forced to be economical ones. Sometimes these outside duties press so heavily as, for the moment, to compel the entire attention of the housekeeper. If she has a well-furnished storeroom that day, instead of spending money with half or no thought, she can turn to her storeroom and supply her table for a day or two, or longer, from this reserve. Again, the storeroom, if well supplied, is a reserve in bad weather, that will enable her to remain indoors in a storm. Certainly every woman who pays attention to the details of her housekeeping knows that there is no more extravagant way of running it than to give orders through a servant to the groceryman or butcher who calls each day. The affinities of the cook are very apt to regulate her needs. She likes to give orders. Who does not? If her orders are large, she becomes important to the groceryman's or the butcher's representative. If her orders are small, she does not receive that personal attention which she naturally enjoys. As far as possible, every housekeeper should transact her business directly with her tradespeople, and not through her servants. A business man, keen, liberal, shrewd, and gracious, once said to the writer that the rat-hole of every man's income, rich and poor, was the table, and the writer has discovered that that man stated the truth.

No table is well catered for when its administration is done in a hurried manner from the parlor or at desk. A woman can produce very much better results by going to market and selecting her vegetables, fruit, and meat; she will spend no more money, and yet have a far greater variety, even in a small town. No woman would think, if she could avoid it, of buying her dresses from samples; she takes the trouble to go to the stores, because she knows that her horizon, that is, her knowledge of materials, colors, and styles, will be greatly broadened by what she sees; and it is just so in catering for the table. A housekeeper may decide after breakfast what she will have for dinner, but when she goes into a market she sees that very much better combinations are possible than those thought out hurriedly in her own home. Wrappers and slippers are responsible for much of the bad housekeeping. Every housekeeper who can, ought to come downstairs to breakfast dressed for the street. This at once leaves her free to go out immediately after breakfast and do her marketing, and then return with a free conscience to sewing, to desk-work, or to receive the committee of some philanthropic enterprise. When one thinks that the table is, in the majority of households, the family meeting-place, and the only one, it is a pity that it does not become more of a central interest for the home-makers than it is. Too often it is a burden and not a pleasure; too often it is the last thing to receive attention instead of the first. "I have made up my mind to one thing," said a generous, devoted little mother of more than average intelligence, "and that is that, in spite of the economies I have to endure this coming winter—and I know there will be many—there is one thing I am going to have, and that is a pretty dinner dress. I mean to make the dinners and evenings in my home this winter the brightest and happiest spots in the lives of my husband and boys. I made a mistake last winter in not having a pretty home dinner dress." It is a pity that this feeling is not shared by a good many mothers who spend anxious hours over boys who are not fond of home. To find that there is careful catering at home, and that dinner is an occasion that demands attention to the toilet, that the evening at home would surely bring something to interest and entertain them, would mean moral reform with many wavering husbands and sons. Who does not know, who has not felt, the moral reaction of an appetizing, attractive meal? Some day we shall learn that food has moral qualities, as we are slowly learning that manners are the minor expressions of morals.

An Improvised Bootblack

By Helen A. Hawley

Miss Ainslie strolled through the rooms occupied for that day by the "Fair for the benefit of the W. X. Y. Z." That was what the posters at every street-corner said. Of course she must make a purchase: courtesy required that. Miss Ainslie's thrifty Scotch blood rebelled at the idea of throwing away money on something which was of no earthly use.

"I can make prettier things than those for half their price," she thought, as she looked over the fancy-work.

The next room held a table of books, at which her eyes lighted. Good books, too, but a closer inspection showed they were shop-worn, and there were fly-specks on the covers. Miss Ainslie was dainty to a fault; she couldn't buy such books, even for a good cause.

"I'd rather give money out-and-out." Then came a genuine surprise. A kindly disposed dealer had sent some of his small wares, the profits from their sale to enrich the "W. X. Y. Z." Really practical things, not usually seen at fairs. There were lemon-squeezers, and nut-crackers, and whisk-brooms—too long a list to mention.

Miss Ainslie's eyes rested on a box; it looked quite like a casket of polished wood, say six inches long, four inches wide, and three inches high. She touched the spring which fastened it; the lid flew back, and there was just the most complete little blacking set—a round box of blacking, a round brush to put it on with, and a long brush to make it shine. Inside the cover was a mark which said "45c."

"Reasonable price, I'm sure," thought Miss Ainslie. "I'll get it for Wallace's birthday. It'll be just the thing for his traveling-bag, and may remind him to keep tidy while he's away." She drew a breath of relief; two difficult questions, what to buy at a fair and what present to send a boy, being thus disposed of.

Wallace Ainslie was a strong, healthy lad except for one thing. Every year on a certain day he had to fly away from home. On the 17th of August he was well; on the 18th he couldn't breathe, because hay-fever stifled him. They all said it came with the blossoming of the golden-rod. So it was a point with the Ainslie family that each

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year, not later than the 15th of August, some one must start with Wallace for the White Mountains, or some one of the places where hay-fever is unknown, and there Wallace must stay until frosts came. The boy liked it well enough; he had a royal good time; but it was a great inconvenience to the older people. However, they hoped that, by taking these measures during his growing years, the tendency would be overcome before he reached manhood. This year he had gone to Bethlehem, in the White Mountains. When the birthday present arrived, on September 2, and the wrappings were stripped off with eager curiosity, Wallace whistled—a long whistle.

"Well, Aunt May is a queer one. Of all things, to send me some blacking-brushes!" But, being trained to good-breeding, he managed to write a letter of thanks and not show his disappointment.

"I am so much obliged to you, sir," Mr. Ainslie was saying to Mr. Allen. The two gentlemen stood on the steps of the Alpine House at Bethlehem. It was the first day of October. "My six weeks are up, and I can't possibly stay any longer; but the frosts are late this year, and I don't like to take Wallace back yet."

"Leave him in my care," Mr. Allen had offered. "I sha'n't go till the last of the month. I can take him as far as New York and put him on the train; there's no change from there, and he'll be safe at your place before evening."

"Thank you, thank you! He's been over the route so many times I think he could manage it himself, but he's rather young to travel alone. I shall feel quite safe to leave him with you."

October is glorious in the mountains, but the glories quickly vanish under the cold north breath. It was time for even the late stayers to go home.

"We'll start to-night, Wallace. I don't think I'll telegraph your father; if your mother doesn't know you're on the road till you get there, she won't have occasion to worry. These mothers do worry sometimes, my boy."

"All right," said Wallace. He had a boy's liking for doing things in a manly way.

At evening they were just ready to start.

"Here, sir! Mr. Allen, sir?" and one of those fateful yellow-brown envelopes was thrust into that gentleman's hand. He opened it and looked annoyed.

"Here's a pretty go! This telegram says I must stop off on important business at Springfield, and then go to Providence. What am I to do with you? It may be days before I can go home." The kind man spoke hurriedly in his perplexity.

"I can get through New York all right, Mr. Allen; I'm not a bit afraid."

"Well, we go together to Springfield, at any rate. I'll telegraph a friend in the city to meet you and see you started for home. Lucky you reach New York in the morning! That seems to be the only thing I can do, for we're about the last ones left here, and I don't know a soul whom I could trust you to."

"Never you fear, sir." Wallace was only fourteen, and not large for his age, but he looked exultant.

"Yes, there's one thing more I can do; I'll give you my card and write on it all the directions for reaching my house. If Barclay misses you, or you have any trouble in New York, you can go to my house and stop over a day with Mrs. Allen. Here, put the card in your pocketbook, where it'll be safe."

"Thank you very much," said Wallace. "But I know exactly how to change cars, even if no one meets me. We've done it lots of times. I've been back from Bethlehem three times already."

"You'll be fast asleep when I leave you at Springfield. And you may as well get to bed now." For they had finished their plans on the train. "Mind you write as soon as you get home."

"God keep the lad from harm! I don't half like it, but what can I do?" said Mr. Allen to himself.

Broad daylight. Alone in New York, and penniless! Just a little better than dark night, and that was all; for Mr. Barclay was out of town and did not get the telegram, and when Wallace had elbowed through the crowd to a little open space, he put his hand in his trousers pocket, to find pocketbook, money, and ticket gone. Mr. Allen's card, too, and he had not even looked at the address! Only his bag was left, slung over his shoulder by its strong strap.

Small blame if he felt like crying for about five minutes; but he set his teeth and said, "I won't!" as hard as he could. There was plenty of good blood in his veins; all his life he had been taught courage and self-reliance, and he had the dash of romance which belongs to every high-spirited boy. What should he do? He might tell his story and beg for help to get home.

"No, sir! No Ainslie ever begged." The thought of stealing never entered his head; he had been too honorably bred. Mechanically he opened his bag. There were his few toilet necessities; there was a nice lunch prepared for him at the Alpine House, by the precaution of his friend. He need not go hungry for one day at least. In the bottom of the bag lay that blacking-case, and a swift remembrance came of the postscript he had added to his letter of thanks. "If I get hard up I can go into business with the rig you sent me"—that was the postscript.

"I'll do it, and earn money enough to get home with. It only takes two dollars; I wonder how many 'shines' that means? Papa always says any honest work is honorable. I don't think he'd care. Besides, there isn't anything else for a fellow to do, as I can see."

These were the thoughts passing through his brain, and Wallace threw his head back with the air of a conqueror.

The first man to whom Wallace said, "Shine, sir?" stuck out his foot mechanically, and didn't so much as look at the boy when he tossed him a nickel. He was too much engrossed in the reports of stocks in the morning paper. After that, now and then, a gentleman gave a curious glance at the unusual sight of a clean bootblack who wore decent clothes; but New York is far too busy and has too much of the unexpected to permit inquiry—with this exception, where personal rights are infringed one may ask questions; and that happened pretty soon.

There came a stinging slap on Wallace's cheek, and he sprang up to confront a dirty young knight of the brush, not quite so large as himself, whose visage was, to say the least, wrathful.

"Wot yer doin' here in my beat, hey? Yer don't b'long here nuther. Git out o' this! Git! I say. My! ain't he swell! How many shines did it take ter buy them clo'es—or did yer steal 'em?"

Wallace had a strong sense of truth and justice, and he was quick-witted. After the first intense surprise and anger he saw that the little bootblack had a certain right to an explanation. "I'll tell him just how it is," he thought.

"See here," he said, "I'm not a swell—these are my every-day clothes" ("My!" said the other), "and I didn't steal them. Some thief picked my pocket as I got off the train—took all my money and my car ticket. I had this blacking kit in my bag, and I just thought I'd earn enough to get home with. It'll only take two dollars. I've made fifteen cents already."

It was wonderful to watch the change creep over that grimy face—from wrath to open-mouthed admiration and genuine respect.

"Well, I vum! That's bully!" was all he could say.

"I don't want to take your customers," continued Wallace. "Can't you show me a place where I won't be on anybody's regular beat?"

"My eyes!" Tommy Mills drew in his breath and winked one eye. "Yes, siree, yer bet I can, now I know yer ain't no swell—yer a real gentleman. Yer needn't go nowheres else; yer can stay right by me. When the men comes from their lunch there'll be lots more'n I can do. All the same I'd fight any feller as tried to come on my beat 'thout askin' permission. This yer's a bully time fer bizness," he continued. "All the gents is jest home from their summers out, an it's powerful dusty to-day. It'll be dull 'nuff bimeby when the gents wears their rubbers, bless

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their delikit souls!" His teeth showed white in the surrounding smut as he grinned, though with no perception that he had made a pun. To help a well-to-do boy like Wallace Ainslie was an experience new and refreshing. It brought out all that was best in Tommy Mills.

"Say," he called out as the day wore on, "where yer goin' to stay nights? Yer won't make no forty shines in one day, I tell yer—yer'll do well ef yer do it in two, though 'tis the best season for biz'."

Wallace had not yet tackled this problem, and he looked troubled.

"Why, I don't know; I hadn't thought so far. Couldn't I sleep outdoors? The nights aren't very cold yet."

"I'm afeared not. Yer see, yer don't look like a streeter. The cops" ("The what?" from Wallace), "well—the perlice 'd be sure ter pounce on yer an' take yer to the station'us. But yer can come with me; I've got a home, as some boys 'ain't [with evident pride]. There's only one bed, an' ma'm an' the little gals has that. I sleeps on the floor—an' mebbe—yer could bunk down too?"—hesitatingly.

"Of course I could, and glad of the chance. I've slept on the ground before now, when we camped out. Thank you ever so much."

Tommy wasn't used to being thanked, and he seemed embarrassed. Earlier in the day Wallace had asked him to share his abundant lunch, and the bootblack tasted such food as seldom touched his hungry tongue. But it won his heart. In return he had freely replenished Wallace's blacking when the little box gave out.

That night was a revelation. Wallace had never before come face to face with poverty, and this was beyond belief. Yet the one room was as clean as a room could be in which all the processes of living went on. Tommy, too, with great politeness, offered the tin wash-basin for Wallace's use, before he scrubbed his own face and hands. In a rough way he was kind to his mother and the little sisters; a pair of twins they were, not three years old. He was evidently proud to introduce his new acquaintance. It was proof of Wallace's fine training that he felt only pitiful and not superior. Mrs. Mills, in her young days, had been nearer to his world than she was now—that is, she had been a servant in a respectable family. It was a comfort to tell the story of her hard life even to this boy, he had such pitying eyes.

"Tommy has never been a week in the country in all his life, sir, an' him goin' on thirteen. I've tried to have him go with them fresh-airers, but he wouldn't go an' leave me with the babies—he's that good, Tommy is, an' his father dead two years come January." Wallace's heart was soft for the little fellow whose fate had been so different from his own.

When bedtime came, Mrs. Mills made what shift she could for decency by hanging a tattered sheet across the room. Then both boys lay down on an old quilt for a mattress, and were no longer one poor and the other rich, for sleep led them both into the happy land of dreams.

It took the novice the best part of two days to earn his fare home, and he felt very proud when he found he had a little more than enough. He learned much in those days of "how the other half lives"—not by any means the worst of them either, because theirs was an honest life at least. They paid ten dollars a month rent for that one poor room. Wallace thought of a comfortable whole house belonging to his father which didn't bring in so much as that.

"It's only a little while, spring an' fall, that Tommy's work is brisk like 'tis now," Mrs. Mills said. "An', anyway, 'tain't like it was 'fore these Eyetalians took it up, an' the big hotels has their own shiners. Not half so much chance for the boys. But, with me sewin' fer shops an' Tommy's work, we hain't never come to the starvin' point yet—praise God for that!" she added, reverently.

"I'll never forget you, Tommy," said Wallace as they went to the Grand Central Station on the morning of the third day. "I've put down just where you live, and I'm going to write to you, see if I don't, and—and—" but he didn't conclude the sentence. There were vague ideas of what his powerful papa could do which he did not care to disclose.

"Well, I vum!"—which seemed to be Tommy's usual expression when surprise overcame him. The boys shook hands, though the bootblack was evidently unused to such courtesy. Wallace had ten cents left after buying his ticket. Forty-two shines in two days—that wasn't bad for a beginner. He wanted to offer the ten cents to Tommy, but an innate delicacy prevented him—the hospitality had been too true for that.

Mr. Ainslie came to his dinner early that day. He looked anxious, and carried an open letter.

"Here's Allen writing to say he hopes our boy is safe at home—had to send him alone from Springfield. Started Monday night, and here 'tis Thursday. What can have happened to him?"

There was a great to-do, of course, with the mother and Miss Ainslie both set to worrying. Right in the midst of it Wallace walked in—no, he didn't; he bounded in, looking a little shabby as to his clothes, but perfectly well and happy.

Didn't he enjoy telling his story, though! Any boy likes to be a hero.

"You see my postscript came true, Aunt May. I thought your present was an awfully queer one, but it turned out to be a daisy."

"My dear," said Miss Ainslie, "you will find that true with much that comes to us in life. We don't fancy the gift at first, but it proves to be the very best in the end." Miss Ainslie liked to slip in a gentle lesson when she could.

"We must try to do something for that Tommy," said Mr. Ainslie.

"Oh, papa! I knew you would. You're a brick!"—that was Wallace's opinion.

What Mr. Ainslie did, and what came of it, would make a book, and therefore cannot come into a short story. Only it may be hinted that the Mills family moved into the country, and that Tommy proved efficient in office-work. Maybe he studied law. Certainly he might make a good judge, for he could see both sides of a question—and all ambitions are possible to boys in America.

Two Boys as Men

A man who began life selling rolls in the streets of Hartlepool, England, has just given a park to Stockton-on-Tees. He got a position as water-clerk in a ship-broker's office when quite young, and eventually became the owner of a large fleet of vessels and a ship-building yard. Such careers show that sometimes devotion to business, fidelity, and intelligence will lift a boy from the depths of poverty to wealth and a position where he can add to the happiness of others by a wise use of his wealth.

As the reverse of this there comes to mind now the history of a poor boy who was given opportunities such as rarely come in the business world even to the sons of rich men.

This boy's father died when he was a baby. He left very little money, but all that he left was carefully saved to educate the boy. The mother did copying, embroidering, any kind of work that would enable her to remain at home and take care of her little boy. Her own and her husband's family criticised her severely because, when the boy was fourteen years old, she did not get him a position where he might get wages enough to clothe himself, at least, and so leave to her a little reserve. The mother would not be persuaded. What was left would clothe the boy and meet the necessary expenses of his education for two years more; she could earn enough to support them both, and once he began working she knew he would repay her over and over again. The boy bent all his energies to meet his mother's wishes. He was fitting for a business career, and he gave his whole mind to those studies that would be of the most use to him.

He left school on his sixteenth birthday, and entered the

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office of a large firm in the city where he lived. The head of the firm was a bachelor, a warm-hearted man, who took more than an employer's interest in those about him. The refinement and intelligence of the new boy commanded his attention at once, and before the close of the year it was evident that he loved the boy, who responded fully to his love. On his twentieth birthday he was told that his gift from his employer on his twenty-first birthday would be an interest in the business. The head of the firm had long wanted to retire from active business, and yet he did not want to withdraw his capital from the firm. A plan was outlined whereby the young man's interest would give him returns that would enable him each year to pay to his friend a sum of money that would eventually buy a third interest in the firm. The amount which he was to draw from the firm gave him but a small salary for these years, but even that would be large in comparison with the amount on which he and his mother had lived all his life. The mother was now triumphant. All the sacrifice she had made was to be justified by the results in the life of her son.

The year flew by, and the birthday was celebrated by the son's admittance to the firm. It was hard to decide which had the happier day, the retiring senior or the entering junior.

Within a month the young man married a girl who was a dressmaker's apprentice, whom he had known two weeks. She was very pretty and very ignorant, very fond of dress, with no knowledge of the fitness of things. The mother and the friend were both overwhelmed with sorrow, but their faith in the young man made them hopeful. The mother insisted on the young couple having a home of their own. The home was furnished, and the ignorance of the wife soon made it only a place of shelter. It was disorderly and dirty; the food was rarely fit to eat that was cooked in it. The servant soon learned that there was no control, and the waste in the home made its cost so great that, with the extravagance in dress of the wife, the income would not meet the expenses. The close of the year showed that the young man had drawn from his firm the amount he was to draw and half as much again. Instead of twelve years paying for his interest, it would require at least eighteen if he did not retrench. Husband and wife promised to watch every expense, and for a few weeks there was a reform, but only for a few weeks. The extravagance was even greater than that of the preceding year, and justified criticism was resented. The third year the young man's connection with the firm was severed, and he was walking the streets looking for employment. The family life was transferred to a boarding-house, and the husband faced the world on the same level with thousands of other men, but with this difference, that he knew he had thrown away an opportunity that did not come to one man in a thousand. The pretty face that had won him was now lined and seamed with unhappiness. Compelled to exercise the closest economies, and without any resources in herself, life had lost all interest to the wife. She was untidy, uninteresting, nervous, and irritable. Her one employment was novel-reading.

For the husband there was routine office-work, with the knowledge that the men about him pointed him out as the man who threw away a chance—the one thing the business world never forgets or forgives.

A Queen's Disappointment

Even queens cannot control the weather. The young Queen of Holland planned a delightful celebration for her fourteenth birthday. She was going to give school treats, but the weather was very unfavorable and the programmes had to be greatly modified, much to the disappointment of the young Queen and many of her young subjects. It is said that the young Queen dresses very simply and lives simply. Her time is wholly taken up with her studies, which, in addition to those of other school-girls, are such as help to educate her to be a Queen.

Sunday Afternoon

The Kingdom of Our Lord [1]

By Lyman Abbott

And the seventh angel sounded; and there were great voices in heaven, saying, The kingdoms of this world are become the kingdoms of our Lord, and of his Christ; and he shall reign for ever and ever.—Revelation xi., 15.

Other kingdoms have fallen into decay. This kingdom will never fall into decay. Its harbors will never be filled; its palaces and cathedrals will never drop into ruin and be vine-covered; on the streets and highways where its citizens once walked there will never be built another and new city. This kingdom of our Lord and of his Christ shall not be transitory; he shall reign for ever and ever. And this kingdom shall be made out of the kingdoms of this world. As modern Rome is being built out of the ruins of old Rome, so out of the ruins of the world-kingdoms this kingdom of our Lord and of his Christ shall be built. As out of the mineral kingdom, yea, out of the very refuse of the household, there is brought forth by the sunshine the plant with its fragrant blossom and its fruit and vegetable for food, so out of these old world-kingdoms there shall be brought forth, by the grace of God, a new kingdom, fragrant where that was noisome, fruitful where that was poisonous. This is the promise of prophecy that beckons us on. This is the declaration of God's Word that fills us with hope in times of discouragement and almost despair. This is the prayer which our Lord himself puts into our lips—"Thy kingdom come, thy will be done, on earth as it is in heaven." And this kingdom will not come without our toil. It is not to be done for us, it is to be done by us. We are to have some share in it. When this King comes, and as this King comes to lay the foundations of this kingdom and shape it upon the earth here, you and I are to prepare a highway for his coming, you and I are to level the mountains, and fill up the valleys, and straighten the crooked places, or the King will not come.

What is meant by these two phrases? What are "the kingdoms of this world," and what is "the kingdom of our Lord and of his Christ"? The kingdoms of this world are not kingdoms over the world. No! They are kingdoms that spring forth from the world; they are kingdoms that have their root in the world; they are kingdoms that are ruled by earthly policies, controlled by world-force, manipulated by world-selfishness and cunningness; they are kingdoms that are administered on world-principles; they are kingdoms that do not recognize God, that do not attempt to conform to the divine law, that do not seek to work out the divine end; they are kingdoms that are worldly—in their seed, in their origin, in their spirit, and in their end.

And over against these world-kingdoms, these kingdoms that are worldly in their origin, springing from the ambitions and the aspirations of men that are worldly in their motive, ruling by world-forces that are worldly in their spirit, actuated and inspired by cunning and by selfishness that are worldly in their ends, seeking selfish ends for the individual or for the nation—over against these kingdoms of the world is set here the kingdom of our Lord and of his Christ. What, then, is the kingdom of our Lord and of his Anointed One? What is the kingdom of God that is to be made from the world-kingdoms?

In the first place, the kingdom of God is not a kingdom that is ruled directly and immediately and primarily by God. It is not a kingdom quite distinct from anything now upon the earth. It is not a renewal of Mount Sinai; it is not a kingdom to be established by some miraculous and supernatural method, in which God will rule directly and immediately, after the failure and because of the failure of Christ and his followers to establish a Christ-kingdom by the methods which Christ prescribed. Nor is it a rule exercised by men who stand in official relations to God; it is not a rule by men who assume to speak in his name or act with his authority; it is not a rule of a hierarchy or a priest-

[1] Sermon preached at Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, N. Y., Sunday morning, October 29, 1893. Reported by Henry Winans, and revised by the author.

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hood. That has been tried. There has been the rule of the Church in Rome, and there has been the rule of the Church in New England, and neither of them succeeded very well. And even in our own day, when a minister stops preaching and goes into the United States Senate he does not prove to be a better Senator than the rest. The world is not to be transformed by ministers or priests or presbyters or ecclesiastics, Protestant or Roman Catholic, sceptered and sitting upon the throne. That is not the kingdom of God. Nor is the kingdom of God to be identified with any particular form of government. We have heard in olden time of a divine right of kings—a kingdom that was ruled over by kings, that was supposed to be the kingdom of God; and now we hear a great deal about the divine right of the people—a kingdom that is ruled by all the people is supposed to be the kingdom of God; but there is no more a divine right of people than there is a divine right of kings, and no more infallibility in one than in the other. A monarchy is a kingdom of God when through the monarchy the divine principles are wrought into the kingdom; and it is a kingdom of the world when through the monarchy there are wrought worldly policies and worldly principles and worldly methods into the whole administration. And a democracy is a kingdom of God when, through the people and the men who speak for them, the divine principles are recognized, the divine spirit is manifested, the divine law is carried out; and it is a kingdom of the world when, through parties and politicians and presses and public indifference or public selfishness, the kingdom is administered unjustly, dishonestly, corruptly, basely, ignobly, by world-forces, by world-policies. The kingdom of God is not one form of government or another form of government. If democracy is a better form of government than monarchy, as I believe it is, it is so only because there is a better chance to bring about the kingdom of God—that is, the kingdom of a universal righteousness, of a universal education, of a universal virtue, through the reign of the common people than through the reign of any class or king. But the form of government does not determine the nature of the government.

The kingdom of God, then, is a kingdom, first of all, in which God himself is recognized as the ruler; not in which his name is put in the constitution, not in which there is a creed written in a law-book and filed away in the archives of the government; but a kingdom in which those in power—whether they are Senators in Washington, or legislators at Albany, or Aldermen in Brooklyn, or individual citizens gathered in their pews on Sunday morning and at the polls on Tuesday morning—recognize that all authority is, in the last analysis, in God; that government rests finally on God and his authority; that authority is not in a king, nor in an oligarchy, nor in an aristocracy, nor in a boss, nor in a ring, nor in the people, but that it is in God Almighty; that all authority rests in him, that he is King of kings and Lord of lords, aye, and King of Senators and Representatives and assemblies and public gatherings and primaries and ballot-boxes, and so the King of the nation as well as King of saints.

It is, therefore, in the second place, a kingdom in which there is a distinct recognition of divine laws. It is a kingdom in which those that govern, whether people or aristocracies or oligarchies or kings, seek to find out what the divine laws are; a kingdom in which that false notion that men can make laws is swept out of mind. You can no more make a moral law than you can make a natural law; you can only find out what it is, and conform to it, or disobey it at your peril. Religion in a State, therefore, does not differ from religion in an individual; it is the same thing. If walking soberly and righteously and humbly before God is religion—and that is one of Paul's definitions of religion—then the State is religious, not when it puts a little creed into its Constitution, nor when it puts the Government into the hands of a hierarchy, but when it makes laws that help to promote sobriety and temperance, and to make intemperance and gambling and impurity and iniquity difficult. It is the kingdom of God when it incarnates justice in its legislation—equal and exact justice between man and man, showing no favor anywhere; and it is not a kingdom of God, but a world-kingdom, when it makes discrimination, when it legislates against the poor and for the rich, or against the rich and for the poor, or for the white man and against the black man, or for the Anglo-Saxon and against the red man. The kingdom of God is a kingdom that makes for sobriety and temperance, that makes for justice and equal rights, that makes for humility and reverence, that recognizes God, and that recognizes divine laws as for the government of nations as well as individuals.

And the kingdom of God is a kingdom which, in all its efforts, in all its legislation, in all the political activities of its people, attempts to carry out divine ends. It is a kingdom that has put before itself love as the end of legislation and the end of administration. If a nation is a kingdom of God or belongs to the kingdom of God, it acts on the principles of the Golden Rule in all its dealings with other nations; it scorns to be made rich out of the poverty of another nation; it scorns to put forth a strong arm and rob another nation of its territory; it scorns to trample on the rights of the weak and the feeble; it scorns to treat a people without power as it would not dare to treat a nation that has power; it would not legislate, for instance, respecting China as it would not dare to legislate respecting Great Britain. Such a nation also seeks justice and equity and fair dealing and probity and honor and truth and purity among all its citizens. It makes its administration of justice an administration of mercy. It does not put the criminal off by himself and forget him, but seeks by all its criminal legislation to reform the criminal and bring him back to a better and higher and nobler manhood. It is, in short, a nation which seeks the ends of the divine kingdom by methods that are divine and in a spirit that is divine.

And therefore this kingdom of our Lord and of his Christ is a kingdom that seeks to put into office men who possess the Spirit of God, and who are seeking the ends of God in the administration of the kingdom. Some one has said that conduct is nine-tenths of life—I think it is Matthew Arnold. Some wise political writer has said that administration is two-thirds of government. The two statements are almost synonymous. Administration is in government what conduct is in life. You cannot make a nation religious by writing religion into a Constitution, any more than you can make a church religious by writing religion into a creed. You cannot make a nation religious by proclaiming high ideals on the Fourth of July, any more than you can make a man religious by putting on a white necktie. The man is religious when he puts the principles of religion into his life, and a nation is religious when it puts the principles of its religion into its administration.

This, then, is the kingdom of God. It is a kingdom in which the nation recognizes God as the one authority; a nation in which it is recognized that communities are governed by divine laws, and must find out what those divine laws are; a nation which endeavors to accomplish divine ends in and by all its administration; and, finally, a nation which selects men to administer the government, from the President down to the lowest official in the land, who are pervaded by the divine spirit, are seeking the divine ends, and are endeavoring to accomplish them by the divine method.

Politics and religion are sometimes separated in men's minds, as if they were radically different. There is no phase of the religious life that is higher than true politics; for, in the mind of the Christian, the end and aim and object of politics is the incarnating in the life of the nation, and, through the nation, in the life of the race, of the divine spirit and the divine principles. No Christian has a right to go to the ballot-box, or to consider the issues that are presented to him, on any lower, inferior, or more unworthy plane than this. For if the kingdoms of this world are to become the kingdoms of our Lord and Christ, I repeat, we are to bring about the transformation. We shall not make the kingdom of New York, nor the kingdom of this Nation, nor the kingdom of Brooklyn, a kingdom of our Lord and of his Christ, by praying on Sunday morning, "Thy kingdom come, thy will be done, on earth

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as it is in heaven," and then either not voting at all, or not caring at all what kind of an effect our vote has on the question whether the kingdom of righteousness and purity and truth and honor and integrity comes in our city, in our State, and in our land. If you will trace religion a little, you will see that it has been developed in these successive stages: first the individual, then the family, then the Church, and finally the nation. First Abraham called to work out the problem of religious life for himself in his own experience; then Abraham gathering around himself a family—wife, children, servants—and a family in which he is seeking to incorporate the religious spirit; then out of this family the development of a Church, with its sacrifices, with its daily morning and evening worship; and then, after four centuries have passed, and after the foundation has been laid in the individual and in the family and in the Church—then, next, political organization; then Mount Sinai; then the law given; then the lawgiver; then the creation of a political organization to carry out further and more fully the principles that are already recognized in the individual, in the household, in the Church. For the individual in a very true sense lives for the Church, and the Church in a still truer sense lives for the nation.

Next week there is an election; perhaps you have heard of it. I am trying to put before you this morning, not the claims of one party or another party, nor of one candidate or another candidate. But I try to take advantage of this hour of political interest to lift your hearts and minds, and my own, above the mere rage of party passion and politics, and see that there is a deeper issue and a deeper meaning involved in every election and in all the rights and opportunities of citizenship. You cannot airily dismiss the question and go your way. You cannot say, I do not believe in government, it is a failure; I leave others to administer. Whether you believe in it or not, you are in a self-governing community; your opportunity is your responsibility and your duty. Government by one has its advantages; government by classes, selected by long years of breeding, has very considerable advantages; government by the whole people, good and bad, has, I believe, greater advantages than either; but the worst conceivable government that the imagination could conceive would be a government in which the pure, the disinterested, the honest, should go on in their ordinary business and leave politics to fall into the hands of the corrupt and self-seeking. That would be a government of the worst; and that will be your government, you men of honor, of integrity, of uprightness, of disinterested spirit, if you wash your hands of politics and leave them to fall into the hands of the self-seeking and ambitious. Nor can you rid yourself of responsibility by saying, I will follow my party. Parties are only instruments by which ends are to be accomplished. Your party, if it is the instrument that will accomplish the best ends in this community, is the party with which you ought to connect yourself. The very instant it ceases to be a party that is working out divine ends in a divine spirit, and becomes a party that is working out undivine ends in an undivine spirit, you are bound by every consideration of Christian honor and integrity to do it battle. I know what men say about reforming the party from within. Yes! if you will reform it from within. But I will tell you how you will not reform it from within; that is by voting for it alike when it does well and when it does ill. That is the way to deform it from within. Turn to your Old Testament and see what Jehovah says respecting Israel, not once or twice, but again and again and again: "You are my chosen people; but if you sin, if you become corrupt, if you become iniquitous, I will chastise you, I will discipline you, and if you keep on in iniquity, I will destroy you." If God will destroy his own chosen nation if it departs from the paths of righteousness, are you and I following the divine principles if we say, "Our party, right or wrong—still our party"? Nor can you meet the issue of these recurring elections by simply saying, "I will vote for a good man." It is not enough to vote for a good man. A man may be a good man and not able to withstand the evil influences that are about him; he may be a good man and so attached and connected in relationships that, in spite of him, the work wrought by his administration is evil, not beneficent. It is not enough that you vote for a good principle. Principles, not men, is the devil's motto. Principles *in* men, that is the very heart of the doctrine of the incarnation. Not religion written up there on a platform or a creed, but religion written here in the heart and worked out by the hands, by the fingers, by the feet. Principles *in* men—there is no other guide, there is no other law.

I have preached now four sermons having their relation to public affairs. Next Sunday, following the inclination and desire of my own heart, I turn to other and individual and personal themes. In the first sermon I tried to open out to you the evils of lawlessness in this country, and to show you how that spirit of lawlessness was in high places as well as in low ones, and to show you that you could not condemn successfully lawlessness in the South and the West if you enthrone in public power men who wink at lawlessness perpetrated under their very guidance and consent. In the second sermon I tried to open out the doctrine of corporate responsibility, and to make clear to you that every man is responsible for the indirect results of his work, for that to which he consents as well as for that which he does. In the third sermon I tried to show you that every city is a microcosm, both a Babylon and a New Jerusalem, and that the political battle in the great cities is the battle of the kingdom of God, between the enthroned powers of evil and the enthroned powers of righteousness and truth and purity. O my friends, do you not see—do not the ruin of Babylon and Athens and Greece and Rome and Venice bear their witness to you—that a city cannot be saved and a nation cannot be saved by its art, by its architecture, by its literature, by its culture, by its refinement, if it is in its actions, if it is in its organic life, if it is in what its citizens by their indifference permit, the hotbed of impurity, selfishness, greed, and unhindered vice? And to-day I try to show you how large the issue is; that it is not a question between one candidate and another candidate, or between one party and another party; that the great duty is laid upon every citizen to do what in him lies to bring about that time when the kingdom of this little world in which he lives will be the kingdom of our Lord and of his Christ. Mothers, are you not interested in the question whether the administration of government in this city of Brooklyn shall help the saloon? Are you not interested in the question whether gambling shall be permitted or discountenanced, encouraged or prevented? Are you not interested in the question whether, right under the eaves of your own house, vice shall flaunt itself, or vice shall be driven into the holes and corners of the city to hide? I am not preaching politics, or, if I am, I am preaching religion. All honor to the politicians, all honor to the men interested, that is, in civil government—and there are a great many of them in America, thank God!—who, against opprobrium, against misunderstanding, with little honor and with small reward, are trying to incarnate righteousness and truth and purity and justice in their Nation, their city, their State. With them, I am trying to hasten the day of a Nation's incarnation of the Spirit of God.

The prophet from whom I have taken our text heard seven angels with seven trumpets, and the message of the seventh and last was the message I have read you this morning. All the music of the angels had sounded and died away, then this trumpet was put to his lips and the blast was blown, and from the far-off future came a voice from heaven, saying, "The kingdoms of this world are become the kingdoms of our God and of his Christ." Again the angel stands, again he blows the trumpet-blast, again he summons all who love justice, purity, truth, in America, and again the voices sound from the far-off future, bringing hope into every despairing and discouraged heart—"The kingdoms of this earth shall become the kingdoms of our Lord and of his Christ." Righteousness is stronger than iniquity, truth than error, God than the devil and all that follow him.

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The Christian Home [1]

By Lyman Abbott

The Christian home, as Paul regarded it, consists of six members—the wife, the husband, the child, the parent, the servant, and the master. In the study of this lesson the first verse of the fourth chapter ought not to be omitted, though it has been left out of the International Lesson. The duty of masters to servants is quite as important matter for the teachers in our Sunday-schools as the duty of servants to their masters. Let us consider these six persons and their several duties, as Paul has done.

But first let us glance at Paul's introduction. Rules of conduct prescribed to the several members of the household, and technically and scrupulously obeyed, will not make the ideal Christian home. The instructions which Paul gives to the various members of the household are not statutes which they must obey; they are applications and illustrations of the spirit of love without which the household is not a home. This spirit is one of mercy or compassion for one another's faults and failures (Gal. vi., 1, 2); of kindness, or rather serviceableness or helpfulness, each member seeking to serve the others (see Matt. xxiii., 13–15); of humbleness of mind, the spirit which in honor prefers one another (see Rom. xii., 10); of meekness, the reverse of the grasping disposition and combative disposition (see Matt. v., 5); long-suffering, the spirit which beareth all things because it trusteth, hopes when it can no longer trust, and endures when it can no longer hope (see 1 Cor. xiii., 7); a spirit, therefore, which forgives as Christ forgives, a spirit which is spurred by insult and wrong, not to vengeance, but to thoughts of pity and of love (see Luke xxiii., 34); in brief, the spirit of love, which is a perfect bond, uniting all together in one orderly community and filling it with peace and love. If this spirit be in the home, ruling in it, then the wife and the husband, the child and the parent, the servant and the master, will fulfill naturally and spontaneously the laws of the Christian household as Paul describes them.

1. The wife will submit herself to her husband. Not because she is his inferior, nor because she is his servant, but because in every organization there must be some final authority, some real head; and in the household, according to the divine law of the household, the husband is the head. Therefore no woman should marry unless she can reverence as well as love her husband; look up to him in a true sense, and rejoice in accepting his will as the law of the household. This submission is the submission of love, not subservience to power, legal or social.

2. If this law stood alone, as, alas! in many households it does, it would work hardship and injustice; but the husband is to love the wife even as Christ loved the Church and gave himself for it (see Eph. v., 25). We hear a great deal about the love of wives for their husbands, and the sacrifices which wives make for their husbands, and this spirit of the wife's self-sacrifice is glorified in song and story. Paul would reverse this condition. He would have the husband sacrifice himself for the wife, bear her burdens, lay down his life for her. When the husband is actuated by this spirit, the wife does not find submission to his judgment any hardship. It is submission to the selfish or careless and indifferent husband that breaks the heart and stifles the life.

3. Children, obey your parents; in Ephesians vi., 1, Paul adds: "in the Lord, for it is right." He does not mean obey your parents if they are in the Lord—that is, if they are Christians; nor even obey in so far as their commands are in the Lord—that is, in so far as you think it right to do so. He is writing to the Christian household, and he assumes that the whole atmosphere is a Christian atmosphere. If there is on the part of the father no recognition of divine law, the commands may be such that the child ought not to obey them; but if the father is himself conscientious, the child is to hold his own conscience in subordination to that of the father while he remains a child, and he is to do this because "this is right"—that is, this is his righteousness; because doing this is what "is well pleasing unto the Lord." The Lord has put the father in his own place, and the obedience which is due to the Lord is due to the father, provided the father is himself, in his general spirit and purpose, conscientious.

4. And parents are not to be bitter against their children; not to expect too much; not to be exacting and censorious; are to have charity for their faults and failures; to recognize that they are children; to be patient and wait for the fruit of counsel and the effect of time and growth.

5. Servants, whether slaves or serving for wages, are to fulfill the will of their master. Subordination in office is essential to organization. The captain must do in battle, not what he thinks is wise, but what his superior officer directs him to do. There are, indeed, exceptions; if he is convinced that his superior officer is a traitor, he may refuse to obey and take the hazard of his refusal; but no error in the judgment of the superior officer justifies disobedience by the subordinate. So, in the household, the Christian servant—and the same principle applies in the various commercial and industrial enterprises of modern times—must seek to carry out the plans and purposes of his superior, whether master or mistress, and to do all in his power to make those enterprises successful, however little he may believe in their wisdom. The true test of virtue in service is the willingness and ability of the person who serves to put all his enthusiasm into the honest endeavor to make successful what he believes is unwise and foredoomed to failure.

6. And masters, and mistresses as well, are to give unto their servants that which is just and equal. The second of these words defines the first; justice is doing unto others as you would have them do to you. Before the Civil War, my father wrote a tract on this verse, in which he said nothing respecting slavery as such, but only expounded the meaning of the text, and pointed out what it demanded of all masters toward their servants, bond and free. The Tract Society refused to publish it, because it would be regarded as sectional and anti-slavery. It certainly would have been so regarded, for giving to slaves that which is just and equal would involve abolition of slavery as its eventual result. Put this law alongside the economic law of wages: according to this law the master is to give to his servant, not the lowest wage sufficient to get like service from some one else, but what, in the best judgment he can form, is the wage-earner's fair proportion of the net result of the joint enterprise of the capitalist and laborer. If mistresses gave to their servants that which is just and equal, if they provided for their servants such rooms as they would wish provided for themselves, and gave their servants such opportunities for recreation, cultivation, social intercourse, and church-going as they would wish themselves if they were Protestant servants in a Roman Catholic family; if they required their children to render to the servants such consideration as they would wish rendered to themselves if their situations in life were reversed, the difficulties of the servant-girl problem would be materially lessened. When I was a boy, my grandfather would not allow me to go through the kitchen while the servants were at their meals. It may seem a slight matter, but it gave to me a training in consideration for servants for which I have been profoundly grateful ever since.

It is a pity to give but one Sunday afternoon to so comprehensive a lesson as this third chapter of Colossians. It might well occupy six Sunday afternoons; its careful study would solve the "problem of the family."

Christian Endeavor Topics, Daily Readings: November 27—Love not the world (1 John ii., 15–21); November 28—The world in their heart (Eccl. iii., 11–15); November 29—The cares of this world (Matt. xiii., 22–30); November 30—Be not conformed to this world (Rom. xii., 2–5); December 1—Gaining a world and losing a soul (Matt. xvi., 24–28); December 2—Not of the world (John xvii., 1–9); December 3—Topic: Keeping unspotted from the world (James i., 27; Rom. xii., 1, 2).

[1] International Sunday-School Lesson for November 26, 1893.—Col. iii., 12–25.

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The Religious World

Liberal Presbyterians

It has been known for some time that there has been great dissatisfaction among many of the most prominent Presbyterian ministers and laymen concerning the action of the late General Assembly in Washington. Several meetings are reported to have been held in various localities to take action on the best course to be pursued. Already some ministers are making their plans for leaving the Presbyterian Church, not because of personal loyalty to Professor Briggs, but rather because they feel that the liberty which was guaranteed them at the time of the reunion has now been taken away. Dr. E. L. Clark has already been installed pastor of the Central Church in Boston; Dr. Ecob, of Albany, has declared his intention of leaving the Church; the Rev. Mr. Penman, of Irvington-on-the-Hudson, resigned some time ago; and now the Rev. H. M. Ballantine, D.D., of Bloomfield, N. J., has also resigned. Dr. Ballantine is a brother of the President of Oberlin College, a man of conservative spirit, great ability, and singular devotion to his work. In view of such events as these the Cleveland Conference was probably called. While we have not as yet received full reports of the meeting, we know enough to understand that it was of great importance. About fifty ministers and laymen were present, and letters and telegrams of sympathy were received from twenty-five or thirty others. A Committee was appointed by the Conference, to whom was committed the duty of embodying the conclusions of the meeting in a set of resolutions. The Committee consisted of the Rev. Dr. R. W. Patterson, of Chicago; the Rev. Dr. John P. Egbert, of St. Paul, Minn.; the Rev. Dr. Francis Brown, of New York City; the Rev. Dr. A. L. Fisk, of Ithaca, N. Y.; the Rev. Dr. E. E. White, of Columbus, O.; the Rev. Dr. Nelson Millard, of Rochester, N. Y.; and the Rev. Dr. H. C. Hayden, of Cleveland. The spirit of the resolutions may be inferred from the quotation which we present below. It may be said that no communication will be sent to the General Assembly next spring, but, if any notice of this action is taken by that body, another meeting of the Conference will be called, and such further action taken as may be required. The following is an extract from the resolutions as reported in the New York "Tribune" of Friday, November 10:

We believe that the General Assembly has no right to impose upon the Church with doctrinal statements under the guise of interpretations, whether by deliverance or through judicial process, and, further, that interpretation of doctrine by the Courts of the Church ought always to be strictly within the letter of the standards, and with sacred regard to the broad and generous terms of the revision of 1870.

We believe that the interpretation of one or two phrases in our Book of Discipline, as meaning that a prosecuting committee should become, from the moment it enters on its work, independent of the Court which appointed it, capable of living on even after the judicatory has decided, and of prosecuting after the judicatory has acquitted, is a strained interpretation, leading logically to many absurdities, and easily possible miscarriages of justice. If these phrases are fairly susceptible of such interpretation, they ought to be eliminated from the book.

We believe that it is no part of the constiutional power of any Court of the Church to warn honest and God-fearing men to withdraw themselves from its ministry or eldership because they cannot accept as binding upon them interpretations of doctrine which are outside the letter of the Confession, and which have never been sanctioned by the Presbyteries in any legal way. This method of discipline by withdrawal, enjoined by resolution of a Church Court, is not provided for in the Book of Discipline. Such warning carries no obligation of obedience.

We call upon all Presbyterians to stand together in defense of reasonable liberty of opinion in the Church, and of the constitutional rights of individual members, wherever assailed; and we heartily approve of the protest of Dr. Herrick Johnson, Dr. Nicolls, and eighty-three others, at the last General Assembly.

We do most urgently counsel our brethren who may be perplexed concerning their duty, to abide in the communion and service of the Church, assured that in so doing they remain well within their constitutional rights.

Bishop Seymour on Liberal Tendencies in the Episcopal Church

That was a curious and very remarkable letter which Bishop Seymour, of Illinois, recently addressed to the editor of the New York "Tribune." He had been charged with "digging open a grave to get ammunition for a theological squabble over words and names." That meant that he had revived his charges against Bishop Brooks for the purpose of continuing his warfare against the liberal element in the Episcopal Church. This, in his letter, he distinctly and indignantly resents, but, on the other hand, defends the conservative interpretation of the creed, and offices, and catechism, and ordinal, and articles of the Prayer-Book in a very striking and vigorous way. He declares that the action of the Church in confirming Bishop Brooks did not change in the least the standards of the Church. He uses these words: "There stand the creed, the offices, the catechism, the ordinal, and the articles, untouched; and here stand men with their interpretations, their evasions, their sharp practice, and their threatened legislation, a menace to gradually evacuate and deprave these documents of their meaning, and ultimately destroy them, and with them the institutions of the Gospel." In view of these facts the Bishop declares that the questions of two years ago are still burning questions, and that he is constrained by a sense of duty, at the cost of any sacrifice, to keep sounding the alarm. We cannot enter into the discussion between Bishop Seymour and the editor of the "Tribune," but we do wish to put before our readers two or three of his statements, and we shall endeavor fairly to do so. He says: "The Church, as regards the subject-matter of revelation, is not a searcher after truth. She already holds the truth as God's gift to her, and it is her highest duty to guard it, and hand it on, as St. Paul says, 'as she received it.' The Church as God's accredited teacher in the sphere of faith and morals would contradict her own claim as speaking with authority if she were to allow for one moment that she is seeking after truth." He says again: "I plead guilty to the charge that, in the realm of revelation, the sphere of God's gift to us, I am not a seeker after truth." Yet once more he says: "The Church has thus far incorporated no provision into her polity or constitution which allows any amendment to her creed or ministry or sacraments; to effect such change requires treason by stealth or revolution by violence." These are surely very remarkable statements. Has God ceased to reveal himself to the Church and to the world? Was revelation completed and forever closed when the last Apostle died? And is it true that the Episcopalian Church makes no provision whatever for any change in her creed? We do not here argue these questions, but we doubt very much if the Bishop of Illinois, strong and consecrated as he undoubtedly is, will win many thinking men to his Church if he tells them at first that God was able for a little while to make a revelation to man, and that his ability to do so then ceased forever; or if he tells them that the ecclesiastics who lived four hundred years ago were able to make a creed so perfect that no one after them, to the end of time, will be able to improve upon it.

Dr. Moxom's Resignation

Dr. P. S. Moxom has for the second time resigned from the First Baptist Church of Boston. Two years ago he resigned, but, by an overwhelming majority, was requested to withdraw his resignation; he acceded to the request, and remained with the church. According to his published statement, the minority have continued to work within the church against him, and finally, last July, formally requested him to repeat his resignation, a request which they have since given to the public press and have made the basis of criticism, public and private, against their pastor. Such action as this is thoroughly dishonorable and disloyal. In a democratic church the minority are under every obligation of honor to accept loyally the decision of the majority, and to co-operate with the majority in carrying out the will of the church successfully. If they cannot do this, they should leave the church. They have a right, by open and honorable discussion, to endeavor to induce the majority to change their opinion, but they have not the right to endeavor by other measures to defeat the will of the majority constitutionally expressed. Dr. Moxom is one of the ablest men in the Baptist denomination, and one of the foremost preachers in America, and will find no difficulty in securing, probably within the Baptist denomination, certainly within the Christian Church, an honorable and useful post. But the church which has allowed him to be driven from the pulpit by such measures will not easily recover from the injury which the minority have inflicted upon it.

Chicago Theological Seminary

We hear with great satisfaction of the remarkable prosperity of the Congregational Theological Seminary in Chicago. For many years it has been one of the leading institu-

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tions of the kind in our country, but it has been insufficiently endowed, and a movement has been on foot for increasing its funds. This movement has been crowned with abundant success. We do not know how we can better put these facts before our readers than in the words of Mr. E. W. Blatchford, of Chicago, Vice-President of the American Board of Foreign Missions, and one of the most constant friends that the Seminary has ever had. Mr. Blatchford writes as follows:

I know that you will rejoice with me in the great blessing that has come to our Chicago Theological Seminary. After a labor of eighteen months there is added to its endowment the sum of $580,000! The pledge of Dr. Daniel K. Pearsons (who, with his wife, had previously given us a fund of $50,000, in aid of needy students) of $150,000 on condition that $400,000 additional be secured by November 1, 1893, rallied the friends of the Seminary to earnest effort. On Wednesday, the first, the full sum of $400,000 was pledged, when our benefactor, in joy at the accomplished fact, stepped forward and added, in the name of his wife, $30,000 more as an endowment to one of our foreign professorships. Will not our friend Dr. Mackenzie, when next he preaches his sermon on 1 Kings x., 13, use this as an illustration of "royal bounty"? The past season, with its widespread financial distress, made this happy outcome most improbable, and we are all the more filled with grateful consciousness of the divine blessing that has attended the wise, faithful, and unwearied efforts of the men to whom this great undertaking was committed. Our Professor Samuel Ives Curtiss has had charge of the campaign, in which he has been aided by members of the Faculty and students and alumni of the Seminary. To their visitations and personal appeals the churches throughout the Northwest nobly responded, indicating the increasing interest in this "school of the prophets" among our constituency. I know that many among your readers will rejoice at this event. Men and women in the East as well as in the West have aided in the splendid result. Yet even this accomplishment is but a stepping-stone towards further enlargement. "There remaineth yet very much land to be possessed." As I write, news comes from the Seminary that over two hundred students have been enrolled for the present year.

A New Department in Michigan University

The outline of religious instruction to be given in Michigan University has just reached us. The attempt made is not to duplicate work in such divinity schools as Andover, Yale, Union, and Princeton, but rather to make a purely scientific and non-sectarian department in which there shall be a general study of such subjects as relate to the history and development of the Christian religion. It is started under the auspices of the denomination known as "The Disciples of Christ," and its especial object is the more thorough training of young men desirous of entering that ministry. We do not understand that it is limited to these, but that all who desire, on certain conditions, may avail themselves of the privileges. Two instructors have already been appointed; namely, Herbert L. Willett, M.A., and Clinton Lockhart, M.A. The courses of study are, The History of Israel, Prophecy, Hebrew Psalmody, The Life of Christ, The Apostolic Church, Paul and the Epistles, Religious Movements in America, Methods of Christian Work. In addition to these, numerous courses of lectures on various related subjects will be given by competent lecturers. We do not understand that these chairs have any organic relation with the University of Michigan, but that they are so situated as to enjoy all the privileges of the University, and to offer all their advantages to students of the University without becoming a part of the University itself. The influence of such a movement cannot fail to be felt in the great denomination which is doing the work, and in the great University in co-operation with which it is to be carried on.

The Central Congregational Church in Providence

The Central Congregational Church of Providence, R. I., of which the Rev. E. C. Moore is pastor, has just dedicated one of the most beautiful church edifices in New England. This is the church which was long famous because of the honored ministry of the Rev. Leonard Swain, D.D. More recent pastors have been the Rev. George Harris, D.D., now Professor of Systematic Theology in Andover Theological Seminary, and the Rev. C. W. Huntington, now a pastor in Lowell. The present pastor is a son of the Rev. Dr. Moore, of Columbus, Ohio, recently Moderator of the Presbyterian General Assembly, and a brother of Professor George F. Moore, of Andover Seminary. The new church, which we believe has been erected at an expense of about one hundred and fifty thousand dollars, is built in the style of the early French Renaissance. It will comfortably seat a thousand people, and is complete in all its appointments. The dedicatory services were peculiarly interesting from the fact that the Bishop of the Episcopal Diocese of Rhode Island—the venerable Dr. T. M. Clark—President Andrews, of Brown University, the Rev. S. O. Benton, Presiding Elder of the Methodis Church, and the Rev. George F. Moore, D.D., himself a Presbyterian, all took part in the exercises, while the pastors of the neighboring Unitarian and Universalist churches were earnestly invited to be present and take part in the services, and would have done so had they not been prevented by other engagements. The sermon in the morning was preached by Professor Harris, of Andover, and in the evening by Professor Moore, brother of the pastor. The Central Church is one of the strongest churches in New England, and, while it represents a liberal type of Christianity, it also represents an intensely vital and evangelistic spirit. The pastor and the people are to be congratulated on the completion of their great work.

A Unitarian College at Oxford

Another new college has been opened in the great University City of Oxford, England. The first Nonconformist institution was Mansfield College, of which the distinguished Dr. Fairbairn is Principal; and now Manchester College, a Unitarian institution, has just been opened, with five professors and about a dozen students. The new institution is situated about midway between Mansfield and New Colleges, just back of Wadham. The building is very beautiful and quite in harmony with the architectural traditions of the University. It is purely a theological college, and, we believe, has no provision for residents. Students find their homes in the city. The changes which twenty-three years have worked can hardly be appreciated by us in this country. Only in 1870 was the University opened to Nonconformists; now there are two Nonconformist theological schools in beautiful homes—not a part of the University, to be sure, but still so near to it as to influence its life almost if not quite as much as if they were in organic relations. When Manchester College was opened, many Masters of colleges at Oxford, and various professors and tutors, marched in the procession from the old Music Hall, in Holywell, to the College, side by side with prominent officials and friends of the College itself. The chief addresses were delivered by Dr. Drummond, the Principal, and by the venerable Dr. James Martineau, one of the most interesting figures in the scholastic and ecclesiastical life of England. The reply in behalf of the University was made by the Warden of Merton College. The Unitarian denomination in England is not large, but it embraces among its members many earnest and eminent men. As is perhaps well known to all our readers, it is chiefly the outgrowth of a movement among Presbyterians similar to that among Congregationalists in our own country at the beginning of the present century. Indeed, in England they are often called "Unitarian-Presbyterians." Perhaps the most eminent professor in the new College at Oxford is Mr. J. Estlin Carpenter, whose works in critical lines are well known in this country as well as in England.

Regent Square Church, London

Probably the four most prominent Nonconformist churches in all London are Mr. Spurgeon's among the Baptists, Westminster Chapel and Dr. Parker's among the Congregationalists, and Regent Square among the Presbyterians. All are large, all have behind them a distinguished history, and all are equipped for doing a great work in the cause of the Master. The last of the four, namely, the Regent Square Church, has for some time been passing through troubled waters. Its pastor for many years was the Rev. Dr. Oswald Dykes, one of the foremost Christian leaders in London and in Great Britain. After him John McNeill was called from Scotland. Mr. McNeill's great gifts in certain lines are well known, but he was not adapted to the work in Regent Square, and after a short pastorate resigned. Since then the church has been vacant, until within two months it has called a young Scotchman, the Rev. Alexander Connell. Mr. Connell has been installed, and once more this historic church faces the future in the confidence that it will be used of the Master for great things. The services at the induction of the new pastor were conducted by Principal Dykes (for he is now Principal of the Presbyterian College in London), and by the Rev. Dr. Stalker, of Glasgow. The great London churches are now nearly all full. Thomas Spurgeon is succeeding finely in the Metropolitan Tabernacle;

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Dr. Parker is growing younger and more vigorous with his years; Mr. Connell is installed in Regent Square; and only Westminster Chapel, which in many respects has a better location than any of the others, is still without a pastor.

Gleanings

—Dwight L. Moody, the evangelist, is to conduct a series of revival meetings in Washington this winter, at the invitation of several ministers of that city, if sufficient money can be raised to meet the expenses. A theater or large hall will be rented for four weeks or more.

—The Rev. Dr. John R. Paxton, pastor of the West Presbyterian Church, in West Forty-second Street, New York City, has resigned. For some time he has had this step in contemplation, as his health has been poor since a surgical operation he underwent last spring.

—At the recent celebration of the two hundredth anniversary of the founding of the First Congregational Church in Glastonbury, Conn., the Rev. Mr. Barstow delivered a historical address giving an interesting account of the town and church development and of the early customs of Glastonbury.

—A Union Bible Class will be formed in this city. It will be conducted by the Rev. D. M. Stearns, who has now in charge fourteen classes in different States. An opportunity is given to those who desire to leave a thank-offering for benefits received. From this fund bare traveling expenses are taken, and the rest is devoted to foreign missions and is sent through duly organized channels. The class will begin at the Hebrew Christian Church, 17 St. Mark's Place (the Rev. Jacob Freshman, pastor), on Monday, November 13, from 2:30 to 3:30 P.M., and will be held every alternate Monday. The intervening Monday is given to a class in the Hanson Place Baptist Church, Brooklyn, at 2 o'clock P.M.

—The Rev. Dr. Edward A. Lawrence, pastor of the First Congregational Church of Baltimore, died in that city at the Johns Hopkins Hospital, of peritonitis, last week. Mr. Lawrence was one of the most successful ministers in Baltimore, to which city he came after pastorates at Sing Sing and Poughkeepsie, N. Y. He was a graduate from Yale College, and received his degree of Doctor of Divinity from Beloit College, Wis. Perhaps the most striking incident in his life in Baltimore was his residence in a tenement-house on Parkin Street, Southwest Baltimore. He had long been a student of the social problems of life, and, to get a clear and unprejudiced insight into life as it is in a tenement-house, lived in one for more than two years.

—The Rev. R. S. Storrs, D.D., President of the American Board, has appointed the following gentlemen for a committee to nominate new corporate members at the meeting in October of next year: The Rev. S. H. Virgin, D.D.; John E. Brown, Esq.; the Rev. James Brand, D.D. (from the committee of last year); President Merrill E. Gates, D.D.; Elbert B. Monroe, Esq.; Charles H. Case, Esq.; the Rev. Frank Russell, D.D. The rules of the Board require the confirmation of this appointment by a formal vote. This was overlooked at the close of the last meeting, when the appointment should have been made, and will be asked for at the opening of the meeting next year. The gentlemen named have accepted their appointment, and will prepare the nominations.

—On Monday evenings this winter, at the Brooklyn Institute of Arts and Sciences, there will be given a special course of instruction in Biblical Hebrew, as an introduction to the study of the Bible in the original tongue, by Richard J. H. Gottheil, Ph.D., Professor of Semitic Languages, Columbia College. The course of instruction will comprise a study of the elements of Hebrew grammar, translations from the Book of Genesis, and exercises in turning English into Hebrew. After having completed this course, those in attendance will be able to read almost all the Bible, with the simple help of grammar and dictionary. The instruction will not only be philological, but will, as occasion offers, serve also as an introduction to the literature and antiquities of the Hebrew people. Those desiring to attend the course should send their applications to Professor Richard J. H. Gottheil, Ph.D., Columbia College, New York City, or to the Director of the Institute, Professor Franklin W. Hooper, 502 Fulton Street, Brooklyn.

—One who has been called the most eminent Swedenborgian in America, the Rev. Chauncey Giles, died at his home in West Philadelphia, last week, in his eighty-first year. He was born in 1813, entered Williams College very young, and left it in his junior year because of failing health. For three years he taught school, then went to Ohio, where he had much success as a boarding-school principal, and was engaged in that calling at Pomeroy, O., where he became acquainted with the writings of Emanuel Swedenborg, and turned preacher. He was ordained at Cincinnati in 1853. Mr. Giles removed to New York in 1864, and during ten years held a prominent place among the clergy of the city, editing the "New Jerusalem Messenger," and producing a number of noteworthy theological works, which gained wide and respectful attention. Fifteen years ago Mr. Giles was called to Philadelphia to assume the pastorate of the New Jerusalem Society, then meeting in a hall; in 1881 the foundations were laid for the fine church building at Chestnut and Twenty-second Streets.

—In a meeting held in New York City last week with the object of putting the Young Men's Hebrew Association on a firmer footing, Rabbi Gottheil said: "I do not like to hear the Young Men's Christian Association spoken of as a society young men should shun. It is an admirable organization, and I understand that no effort is made to proselytize among the young Jews who join it. Our society is an imitation of the Young Men's Christian Association, but we have left out the great principle which has been the success of the Christian society. That is religion. We call ourselves the Young Men's Hebrew Association, but we are Hebrew only in name. The Bible readings, prayer-meetings, and sermons are the features of the Christian Association, and we have none of these. We have excluded Judaism and put it under a ban, fearful of what the orthodox, or the seculars, or the independents might think. Take your example from the Young Men's Christian Association, and have religion and the history of our faith taught. Don't come here simply to play tenpins or billiards and talk politics."

—The General Missionary Committee of the Methodist Episcopal Church, in session at Minneapolis last week, decided upon the sum of $1,150,000 as the total to be appropriated for the work of domestic and foreign missions for the ensuing fiscal year. The financial report of the year, submitted by Dr. Sanford Hunt, of New York, said in brief that the gross receipts for the year showed a decrease of nearly $61,000, and that instead of the balance of $44,000 which stood to the credit of the committee on November 1 of last year, it was now confronted with a cash treasury debt of $109,263, and adding to this an outstanding bill of exchange of $78,943 made a total indebtedness of $188,206. The total expenditures of the year were $1,350,245. In submitting the report Treasurer Hunt said that the movement was confronted with the most stringent conditions it had ever known. By the end of the next month the debt would have materially increased, and by next March, when the receipts of the spring conferences became available, it would aggregate, according to present estimates, not less than $425,000.

Ministerial Personals

CONGREGATIONAL

—Smith Baker, lately of the Park Avenue Church of Minneapolis, Minn., has accepted a call from the Maverick Church of East Boston, Mass.

—Caldwell Morrison was lately installed as pastor of the church in Conway, Mass.

—F. J. Fairbanks, of Amherst, Mass., has received a call from the First Church of Royalston.

—J. F. Forsythe, of Tannersville, N. Y., has resigned.

—B. F. Cokeley was, on October 25, installed as pastor of the church in Southbury, Conn.

—A. R. Patten accepts a call to Gorham, N. H.

—Jonathan Turner accepts a call to Gaylord, Mich.

—Margaret R. Elliott, of Norrie, Wis., accepts a call to Butternut and Fifield.

—Robert Ford, of Center Harbor, N. H., accepts a call to Campton.

—W. O. Weeden, of Upper Montclair, N. J., has resigned.

PRESBYTERIAN

—Charles J. Young was installed as pastor of the Church of the Puritans, New York City, on November 16.

—J. J. Rankin accepts a call from Hawley, Pa.

—W. H. Hyatt, of the Third Church of Kansas City, Mo., accepts a call to Garden Plain, Ill.

—C. H. Field accepts a second call to Bedford, N. H.

—W. F. Allen was installed as pastor of the Westminster Church of Denver, Colo., on October 31.

—R. H. Van Pelt, of Lawrence, Kan., has resigned.

OTHER CHURCHES

—M. H. Stone has resigned the rectorship of the Parkville Church (P. E.) of Hartford, Conn., and will become assistant to the Rev. Floyd Tompkins, of Chicago, Ill.

—A. L. Bennett, of the Church of the Ascension (P. E.), Waltham, Mass., declines a call from St. Ann's Church, Amsterdam, N. Y.

—A. R. Kieffer has resigned the rectorship of Grace Church (P. E.), Colorado Springs, Colo., to accept the position of associate pastor in Trinity Church, Pittsburg, Pa.

—J. H. La Roche has become rector of Trinity Church (P. E.), Binghamton, N. Y.

—D. H. Stoddard accepts a call from the First Baptist Church of Chicopee, Mass.

—T. C. McClelland, of the Bushwick Reformed Church of Brooklyn, N. Y., has received a call from the North Reformed Church of the same city.

—L. N. Brown has become pastor of the Willow Place Unitarian Chapel of Brooklyn, N. Y.

—J. L. Seward has resigned the pastorate of the Unitarian church at Waterville, Me., to accept a call to Allston, Mass.

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Books and Authors

The Cosmopolis City Club[1]

Dr. Gladden's great quality is his strong common sense. To write over a hundred pages on city politics without either platitude or vagary requires something more than intellectual ability and careful study: it requires an all-round comprehension of men, and of the way in which propositions will strike all sorts of men. In the volume before us Dr. Gladden cites no authorities—or next to none. He speaks from his own wide and clear observations upon a question he has long had at heart. It is, therefore, first-hand work, and work of the first quality.

The "Cosmopolis City Club" is constructed after the manner of the "Christian League of Connecticut," and deals with abuses in municipal management as that dealt with abuses in church management. The characters have enough individuality to prevent their being puppets. They are introduced, however, not so much to make a story as to give the different points of view from which every proposed reform would be regarded. When the Club sets to work, it begins by establishing two fundamental propositions: first, that certain laws are not enforced; and, second, that public sentiment and not merely reform sentiment demands their enforcement. When their non-enforcement is brought before the Police Commissioners, the conversation that takes place runs as follows:

Benson (Commissioner)—Nobody wants them enforced but a small handful of Prohibition cranks.

Harper—How do you know?

Benson—Just as any man knows anything. By the use of my common sense.

Harper—I doubt whether any man can be absolutely sure. At any rate, we have not thought it safe to trust our own impressions. Accordingly, we selected two long streets in this city—Poplar Street and South Street—the one mainly occupied with the residences of the wealthier class, the other with the homes of workingmen. We sent circulars to all the residents upon these two streets, asking them these three questions: 1. "Are you in favor of closing the saloons at midnight?" 2. "Are you in favor of closing the saloons on Sunday?" 3. "Are you in favor of the suppression of the gambling-places?" Of the 204 residents of Poplar Street, 176 responded, and of these 158 answered our first question in the affirmative. Of the 316 residents of South Street, 243 responded, and 209 of these answered the same question in the same way. With respect to Sunday closing the majorities are not so large. Of the 419 replies received, 250 were in favor of closing, and 169 were opposed to it. With respect to the enforcement of the gambling laws there was practical unanimity. Of the 419 answers, 407 were affirmative. We are sure that there can be no doubt about the wishes of the great mass of the people respecting this class of offenses against the laws.

Benson—Well, then, why don't you make complaints yourselves? You say that you have got the names of eighteen men who keep gambling-places. Why don't you go before a justice, and swear out a warrant, and have them arrested?

Harper—Because, gentlemen, that is not our business. It is your business. The law expressly commands you to do it. We should be interfering in your business in a very improper manner if we did any such thing. It is perfectly proper for us to bring you information; it is neither good law nor good business policy for us to take your work out of your hands.

Dr. Gladden's conception of the true work of Law and Order Societies is one that needs no argument in its behalf. Last winter we were pleased to see that the Populist Senate in Kansas had passed a bill requiring the immediate dismissal of officials on evidence that they were not closing illegal resorts within their jurisdiction. With the law framed upon this principle, and with a handful of men acting upon the plan urged by Dr. Gladden, the suppression of vice would be tremendously furthered.

The Cosmopolis Club does not stop work when it has brought in its indictment against the City Government and influenced more or less a single election. It realizes that municipal reform is only superficial so long as the people do not have it in their power at all times to direct their servants. If we are to have municipal democracy, it recognizes that the people must be able to govern, and not remain at every election helplessly at the mercy of municipal officers they elected years before, or State officers they never elected. Our present system of city government is so devised as to prevent the people from governing. Granted that they would make mistakes, the people would at least never aim to defeat the public interests for the sake of private interests. Let them, therefore, have the opportunity of governing, and give democracy a fair chance. Let us have no more bi-partisan commissions in which each side gives offices only to extreme partisans in its own ranks. Let us have no more commissions of any sort to perform executive duties. "In nine cases out of ten," says Tomlinson, "the Board is the mother of imbecility, the nurse of irresponsibility, and the cradle of rascality." Let the people elect a definite number of officials, each responsible for definite things. Then if there is failure anywhere the people will know where to order a change. Dr. Gladden's book is thoroughly in accord with the best feeling in all classes of the community, and the principles it advocates—home rule and direct government by the people through officers definitely responsible to them—are the most hopeful that are now before the people.

[1] *The Cosmopolis City Club.* By Washington Gladden. The Century Company, New York. $1.

Noah Porter[1]

The life that Noah Porter lived in the flesh was like a benediction to multitudes of young men, and this memorial volume, the vivid and speaking representation of the man, will be highly esteemed by every son of Yale who loved and honored the subject of this memoir. Mr. Merriam, the editor, has done his work with his accustomed skill and thoroughness, and the result of his labor is a book admirable in content and laden with a sweet aroma of truth and life. A résumé of chapters is hardly possible here. Beginning with ancestry, boy life, and youth, traced by Miss Sarah Porter and Professor Samuel Porter, the biographical feature is further developed through experiences of student life, tutorship, pastorate, and professorship at Yale, completeness of detail being justly sacrificed to the personal and reminiscent element. From this point on Mr. Merriam describes President Porter's personal influence, his work as teacher, the course of his thought, study at Berlin, and family life. He then gives way, for the most part, to other writers, who, from the heights of intimate knowledge and close friendship, review Dr. Porter's theological opinions, career as college President, editor of Webster's Dictionary, friendships with heretics, public controversies, vacations in the woods. Anong these subordinate editors are Professor George P. Fisher, President Carter, Dean Sage, the Rev. J. H. Twichell, and Professor Sneath. In the concluding chapters Dr. Rikizo Nakashima presents an able summary of President Porter's "Theory of Morals," and a bibliography is supplied by J. Sumner Smith, of the Yale Library. For nearly sixty years Dr. Porter wrote and published constantly, and the wonder is, not that he should give to the press so many books and pamphlets, and to the magazines hundreds of articles, but that time should remain for anything else. But this man of phenomenal industry seemed to get leisure for everything. Never hurried, but always busy, the cheerful voice yet responded to the knock of friend or pupil or cause or movement that sought his counsel, support, enlightenment, or advocacy.

But the generations of Yale men who will read this book with absorbing interest chiefly treasure the personal element in the character of their renowned teacher. That he was great in scholarship, in philosophy, in the elucidation of intricate problems relating to life and destiny—*this* they already know. It is the clear white light of his faith in God and men; the affectionateness of his nature; the absolute purity of his soul, and the resultant wide-orbed vision, "dreaming of things to come;" the broad and far-seeing quality of his religious belief, that made Christlike

[1] *Noah Porter.* A Memorial by Friends. Edited by George S. Merriam. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $2.

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heretics of the Dr. Holmes and Theodore Parker type his friends, despite their antagonistic dogmas; the fidelity of his spirit to all that promised a Godward tendency; the sweet winsomeness of his abiding interest in the young men who flocked beneath the elms of Yale—*these* are the traits, emphasized again and again in Mr. Merriam's volume, that endear to the college world the memory of Noah Porter. Many illustrative incidents aptly express the qualities just enumerated. Here is one whose spirit conveys such interpretation of character as needs no further comment. Plain people and little children were attracted to President Porter. Coming home from College one day he broke into a laugh. "On my way to Chapel," he said, "I became conscious of some one at my side, and, looking down, I saw a little, ragged Irish boy trotting along beside me. It was raining, and he had taken shelter under my umbrella. He went with me as far as the College—he said nothing, and I said nothing, *but we were very good company*."

And how touching that last interview with a distinguished alumnus of Yale, ex-Governor Chamberlain, of South Carolina, who writes: "I saw him last in his own house for a few moments in 1889. The shrewd wit, the ample wisdom, the calm philosophy, the eager, broad outlook, all were there undimmed; but above these qualities shone clear that faith in divine things which had always guided him. As I took my leave, he asked if I had read a little poem then freshly published—Tennyson's 'Crossing the Bar.' Without an allusion, save possibly in the tones of his voice, to their application to himself, he softly and slowly and with exquisite cadence repeated the last two verses:

Twilight, and evening bell,
And after that the dark!
And may there be no sadness of farewell
When I embark;
For though from out our bourne of Time and Space
The flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my Pilot face to face
When I have crossed the bar.

Old parishioners of Horace Bushnell used to say that they always went out from his presence feeling that manhood was not only a more royal gift, but the more attainable, because he, their pastor, himself reflected so much of manhood in word and bearing. We believe that no one can rise from the perusal of this memorial of Noah Porter without experiencing a corresponding elevation of character.

Novels and Tales

One of the strongest of recent novels bears the absurd title of *The Heavenly Twins*. Its author, Madame Sarah Grand, is an Englishwoman, Mrs. McFall, who is described as a graceful woman of about thirty, with a voice of wonderful sweetness and conversational powers of a very rare kind. She began to write when a girl in Singapore, and one of her earlier stories, "Ideala," was reviewed in these columns last week. "The Heavenly Twins" is a very long, and, in places, a very much overelaborated, story. It is defective in proportion, perspective, and construction, and the style is often labored and not easy to read. But it is, on the other hand, a story of remarkable power, full of keen insight into character, of very radical thinking, of striking characterization, and of pungent comment and criticism on men, opinions, and institutions as at present existing. The story is an interesting chapter in the history of what may be called the modern woman's movement, perhaps the most important movement now going on in the world, and which, in its ramifications, promises to leave almost nothing unchanged. This story deals with great frankness with the relation of women to the matter of impurity in men. It is the work of a very courageous woman, but also of a womanly woman; for the whole attitude towards the subject is one of dignity. It is high time that some woman spoke out on this subject, and the author of this story has spoken out with uncompromising vigor and intensity of feeling. Her comments upon society and upon many of its institutions are exceedingly free and cutting. What she has to say about churches and the clergy is often extravagant and sometimes untrue, but it must be added that there are a great many churches and a good many clergymen who deserve everything said in this book. It is the work of a radical mind, and perhaps one of its best qualities is the persistence with which a good many accepted opinions are thoroughly disturbed. As a work of art the book might be much better, and yet it contains enough ability and discloses enough artistic feeling to make one hope that the author will some day write a novel of a very high order (Cassell Publishing Company, New York.)

Last year a novel called "Beggars All" attracted serious attention from a few critics and good judges of fictitious literature, but did not, we imagine, receive anything like the popular reading that it deserved. Its author, Miss L. Dougall, has now published a novel with the rather unpleasing title *What Necessity Knows*. We think we are well within the mark in saying that this novel is one of the three or four best novels of the year. Its authorship shows no trace whatever of the novice; in construction, in style, and in grasp on its subject the book is mature. The story is placed in Canada, and the social atmosphere as well as the external conditions of Canadian life are reproduced faithfully. The author is eminently thoughtful, yet the story is not distinctively one of moral purpose. The play of character and the clash of purpose are finely wrought out. The problem which forms the main motive of the novel is, when roughly described, almost ludicrous, and rather commonplace than sentimental. Two brothers, the sons of a butcher, who has made his fortune, has educated his boys at college, and has given them every social advantage within his power, differ totally as to their idea of duty with regard to making known or concealing their low social origin in the new country where they find themselves; one (a clergyman and school principal) tacitly conceals it; the other (a vigorous and, in his own way, a proud young man) insists that he means to honor his father by becoming a butcher himself. It is proof of the skill of this novelist that the working out of this problem never becomes in the least coarse or ludicrous; there is a serious interest in it, and it involves many other things, which make up a story complete in its whole by the skillful interweaving of the separate parts. The Second Advent delusion which fixed an absolute date for the coming of our Lord is also introduced with startling effect into the story. What gives the book its highest value is really the author's deep knowledge of motive and character. The reader continually comes across keen observations and subtle expressions that not infrequently recall George Eliot. The novel is one that is worth reading a second time. It is rather odd, by the way, to find this and other Canadian writers using the word "Americans" only for non-Canadians. (Longmans, Green & Co., New York.)

We may frankly say that we consider Mr. Walter Besant's *The Rebel Queen* a total failure. We have praised Mr. Besant often enough to allow ourselves this privilege. His pleasantly confidential and genial style of writing is still his, and the first third of "The Rebel Queen" arouses expectations that the book may prove to be worthy to be classed with "The Chaplain of the Fleet" and "Dorothy Foster," but the last half of the book is more than disappointing. It seems to be intended to convey a moral teaching, but what that moral teaching is it is impossible to say. It can hardly be that the husband is to be the master and the wife the slave. But if it is not this, what is it? There are glimpses in the book of ideas of social reform, but they come to nothing and mean nothing. We would much prefer that Mr. Besant had written a novel and a social essay separately, and published them separately; both, in that case, we are sure, would be interesting and worth reading, but the present book is satisfactory in neither capacity. (Harper & Brothers, New York.)

Mr. Henry Fuller, in his new story, *The Cliff-Dwellers*, makes an abrupt and startling change in style and manner from those to which he had accustomed us in the graceful and subtle bits of idealism and humorous fancy heretofore published under his name. The present story is not only realism, but it is the barest and hardest kind of realism. The place of action is Chicago, and all the characters are in one way or another connected with one of the huge business buildings for which the business portion of Chicago is famous. The name of the building is the Clifton, and the figurative meaning of the title of the book is evident. We do not doubt that Mr. Fuller has correctly represented certain phases of life and character in Chicago, that he has brought out certain things that are typical, so far as they go, of the great rushing city of the West. One feels, however, that there is another side to the story, that another book might be written, just as true, just as realistic, which might reproduce altogether different phases of Chicago life, and, in a way, complement without contradicting this story. The lack of sympathy in the book is repelling. The realism is in many points like the realism of Mr. Howells, and we are not surprised to read in a recent article by Mr. Howells the highest praise of this story; but, for all that, Mr. Howells does not cut his readers off from human sympathy and belief in human progress, as is too often done here. We

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recommend to every reader of the "Cliff-Dwellers" to follow its reading by that of Mr. Julian Ralph's article on "The Gentler Side of Chicago," in "Harper's Magazine," to which we have already referred more than once. (Harper & Brothers, New York.)

Or, if one would seek a literary contrast to the "Cliff-Dwellers," let him read Mr. Frederick Wedmore's *Pastorals of France, and Renunciations*. (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.) Here he will find proof that idyllic and pastoral writing is not yet out of date; that there can be joined to an agreeable story and a modern theme the grace and charm of imaginative writing without violating the ethics of any theory of fiction. The stories in this book are so evenly agreeable, both in manner and substance, that we will not attempt to select any from the number for especial praise.

Another volume of short stories bears Mr. Henry James's name on the title-page. Nothing else is needed to inform us that *The Private Life and Other Stories* must be of delicate and strong workmanship. Mr. James is never careless; and the three tales here printed are perfect of their kind, each in its own way. Of the three, "Lord Beaupré" has the strongest human interest and humor, though there is a sting in the end of it; "The Private Life" has perhaps the highest psychological interest. (Harper & Brothers, New York.)

Mr. Edward Eggleston has interrupted his historical work of late, to the refreshment, no doubt, of himself, and certainly to that of his readers, for the purpose of recalling his old-time skill at fiction. The "Faith Doctor," which appeared not many months ago, was a capital piece of story-telling, and the new volume of short stories from the same hand, which bears the title of *Duffels*, contains some excellent characterization and narration. There are eleven stories in the volume, and they are drawn from many quarters, but they have certain characteristics in common. They are singularly direct, vivid in description, warm in human interest, and there is a live man or woman at the center of each tale. In some cases, as in that of "The Redemptioner," Mr. Eggleston takes occasion to recall a very interesting bit of history, or an old-time habit or social custom, as a part of his story. Everything that he writes smells, so to speak, of the soil. He deals habitually with elementary men and women rather than with those who have suffered from over-sophistication, and he has a gift for recalling what may be called elementary conditions of life. "The Hoosier Schoolmaster" was a capital illustration both of the character and the social condition with which Mr. Eggleston likes to deal, and with which he deals with great force and picturesqueness. (D. Appleton & Co., New York.)

A Daughter of this World, by Fletcher Battershall, is, we believe, a first novel. If so, it is unquestionably a very promising work. It is full of good material, and it is written in an uncommonly clear and effective style. It has the fault of using too much material, and therefore of overloading somewhat the movement of the story, but this is by no means a discouraging fault in a young writer; it shows surplusage of strength. The story is an unusual one—so unusual as to seem to lack in parts the element of reality; but it is by no means an impossible story. Mr. Battershall has a strong dramatic instinct. He is not afraid of the old-fashioned plot, with stir and movement and intrigue in it. Nor does he shrink from very strong dramatic situations; on the contrary, he delights in them, and shows considerable strength in dealing with them. His style has that charm so unusual in current fiction, a distinct literary quality. It is marked by clearness, a sense of proportion, restraint, grace, and flexibility. The faults of the book are on the surface; its strength is in its very substance. (Dodd, Mead & Co., New York.)

A very pleasant story, in a natural key and in a thoroughly healthful tone, is *Brothers and Strangers*, by Agnes Blake Poor. (Roberts Brothers, Boston.) The author of this story is not unused to the writing of short stories, but this is, if we are not mistaken, her first long novel. If so, it is an unusually successful first effort; for it is admirably put together in the matter of construction, and it is written in a quiet and attractive style, free from extravagance, verbosity, and over-elaboration. The story is laid in Boston and central New York, and the contrast between the different kinds of society in the two places is very successfully drawn. The quality of the book promises well for books of the future from the same hand.

Mr. Gilbert Parker is either a Canadian or an American of Canadian birth, and has within the last summer sprung into considerable prominence, especially with English readers, as a writer of romances of frontier and Indian days in Canada. In his line of writing he approaches in some ways Mrs. Catherwood, but hardly has her finish or thoroughly artistic qualities. He is, however, in a very high degree vigorous and fresh both in subject and manner of writing, and it is to these qualities solely that his success is due and is deserved. The story of his which is before us, *The Translation of a Savage*, is a good example of his style, though hardly to be ranked with his very best work. The heroine is an Indian maiden, married in a fit of pique by a young Englishman of good family, who has been jilted by an English girl, and whom his relatives wish to coax into a marriage with another English girl. The dusky bride is sent home by the husband to his English relatives as a bit of insolent bravado. They accept the situation, educate the girl, and she becomes a success in English society. Of course in the end her husband returns, is captivated by his wife, and is at last forgiven. The great fault of the story is the improbability to the American mind of such a transition being carried out so soon and with such extraordinary perfection. (D. Appleton & Co., New York.)

Mr. Frank R. Stockton is very nearly at his best in *The Watchmaker's Wife, and Other Stories*. The tale which gives the title to the book, and that called "Asaph," are admirable specimens of his odd humor and ever fresh invention. (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.)

One of the best-written novels of the season is Mr. T. R. Sullivan's *Tom Sylvester*, the story of a New England boy. Mr. Sullivan has both delicacy and strength. His work has shown, from time to time, evidences of distinct and very interesting imaginative quality. He has sometimes dealt with psychological themes with a good deal of insight and freshness. In this story he describes the life of a boy growing up in a small New England village of the old-fashioned kind, and then transports him to Paris, and narrates, with a good deal of vividness, the experiences which await him in that great metropolis. The story has a tragic element running through it, the plot is well worked out, and the style is admirably clear, direct, and effective. Altogether the novel will take its place among the best of the year. (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $1.50.)

We have not often read a more pure characterization of a life in the slums of London than *Jill, the Flower-Girl*, by L. T. Meade. It is an unusual conception, and one wrought out with skill and care. The pathos is genuine, and the outcome a little painful to those whose taste is for the old-fashioned poetic justice. Both the tone of the story and the style of the writer are all that we could demand. (T. Whittaker, New York.)

The Comedy of Masks, by Ernest Dowson and Arthur Moore, might just as well have been called The Tragedy of Masks, for it is a gloomy and pessimistic tale. There are, doubtless, in this world people like Dick Lightmark, but they are not types; they are exceptions. The story is cynical through and through, the product of immature or superficial judgment. Nevertheless it is, so far as form goes, a decent tale, written with due regard to rhetoric and its rules, to the principles of modern fiction and its limitations, and to the demands of public taste. The abnormal or the vapid seems to be the rule with the majority of our stories at the present day. (D. Appleton & Co., New York.)

Literary Notes

—The Putnams will issue soon a volume of selected poems, songs, and sonnets by Charles H. Crandall, editor of "Representative Sonnets." Several of the poems first appeared in The Christian Union.

—In answer to inquiries, we may reply here (as the matter is one of general interest) that an authorized and complete report of the recent Parliament of Religions is to be prepared and edited by the Rev. John H. Barrows, of Chicago, to whom the credit of planning and carrying through this remarkable series of meetings is chiefly due. The book will be published by the Parliament Publishing Company of Chicago.

—Messrs. Dodd, Mead & Co. announce a new edition (the fifth) of Mr. Hamilton Wright Mabie's "My Study Fire," "Under the Trees and Elsewhere," "Short Studies in Literature," and "Essays in Literary Interpretation." These books have been revised, and each volume has received additions to the text. In the new edition each book will contain three photogravures and will be bound in new and attractive designs. The books are in course of publication in England, from the press of Messrs. J. M. Dent & Co.

—Announcement is made that "Far and Near," edited by Maria Bowen Chapin, and issued under the direction of the Auxiliary Society of the Association of Working-Girls' Societies of New York, and "The Charities Review," edited by Dr. John H. Finley and Paul Leicester Ford, and issued under the auspices of the Charity Organization Society of the City of New York, will be published by Oswald Weber, Jr., at the United Charities Building, 105 East Twenty-second Street, New York City. Mr. Weber has long been connected with the publishing department of the "Critic," is now secretary of the "Critic Company," and is well known and liked by a large circle of business and literary men.

[For list of Books Received see page 914]

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With Our Readers

I.—Correspondence

A Correction and an Acknowledgment

My Dear Dr. Abbott:

Of course you did it unwittingly, but it is a mystery to me how you could, with your wide intelligence on religious matters, bear such false witness as you impliedly do concerning the Baptist, in the following sentences in your recent sermon on Law, Lawlessness, and Liberty: "If the Baptist says, It is better to be baptized by immersion than by sprinkling, I will not quarrel with him; I will even go down into the baptistry with him; *but if he says, If you are not baptized by immersion, you are no child of God,*" etc. The implied false witness is that the Baptist does say such a thing as that. Whereas, my dear Dr. Abbott, it seems to me that you ought to know that a Baptist never says such a thing. The Baptist never makes childhood to God contingent upon immersion. Steadily has he been saying that there is no sacramental grace or efficacy whatever in immersion. Childhood to God, in the sense in which you use the term, is always dependent, in the view of the Baptist, upon personal acceptance of Jesus Christ as Saviour and Lord. All that the Baptist says is, It does not seem to me, as I read the Scripture, that you have *confessed the fact*, that you have, through personal faith in Jesus Christ, become a child of God in the way in which the Lord has commanded, viz., by immersion.

Frankly, I cannot understand how one who professes such impartial fairness as you do, could, by such implication, misstate the constant position of the Baptist. I am

Very truly yours,
WAYLAND HOYT.

Minneapolis, Minn.

You are right and I was wrong. The Baptist does not claim that immersion is necessary to Christian character, but only to membership in Christ's visible Church. The error must be classed among those blunders which sometimes befall an extemporaneous speaker. L. A.

—

Another View

To the Editors of The Outlook:

In the account of the English "Church Congress" in your issue of November 4 this statement occurs: "It is, to say the least, an open question whether there is any continuity which can be proven between the episcopate of the Church before the time of Henry the Eighth and that afterward." This statement strikes me as altogether extraordinary and misleading. The continuity of the English episcopate, whatever may be the value of it, is as well established as any historical fact can possibly be. In "the time of Henry the Eighth" nothing occurred to destroy or even to disturb this continuity, and that it was preserved throughout the times of Edward VI. and Mary has never been questioned. The only point at which this continuity has ever been represented as doubtful is that of the succession of Archbishop Parker in the time of Queen Elizabeth, and impartial history has long ago decided that there never was any reason for questioning the validity of his consecration. Parker was made Archbishop of Canterbury in 1559. No doubt was thrown upon the validity of his consecration at the time or for the next fifty years. But in the early part of the next century what is known as "the Nag's Head Fable" was put in circulation by Roman Catholic controversialists for the purpose of discrediting the orders of the English Church. This Fable, which represented that Parker was "ordained" in a very irregular and scandalous way in a tavern called the "Nag's Head," has always been regarded by sober-minded historians as among the silliest of falsehoods.

The teaching of history concerning this matter is well summed up by the late Mr. Beard in his very interesting and valuable "Hibbert Lectures." I suppose that Mr. Beard was a Unitarian; at any rate, he had no bias in favor of the Church of England. He says (pp. 311, 312):

We must take some pains to understand a fact which more than any other differentiates the English Reformation—I mean the continuity of the Anglican Church. There is no point at which it can be said, Here the old Church ends, here the new begins. Are you inclined to take the Act of Supremacy as such a point? I have already shown that Henry's assumption of headship was but the last decisive act of a struggle which had been going on for almost five centuries. The retention of the episcopate by the English reformers at once helped to preserve this continuity and marked it in the distinctest way. I speak here as a historian, not as a theologian, and I have nothing to do with that doctrine of Apostolical succession which many Churchmen hold, though the Articles do not teach and the Prayer-Book only implies it. But it is an obvious historical fact that Parker was the successor of Augustine, just as clearly as Lanfranc and Becket. Warham, Cranmer, Pole, Parker—there is no break in the line, though the first and third are claimed as Catholic, the second and fourth as Protestant. The succession from the spiritual point of view was most carefully provided for when Parker was consecrated; not even the most ignorant controversialist now believes in the Nag's Head Fable.

With regard to the *doctrine* of "Apostolical succession" there is doubtless room for differences of opinion; but I respectfully submit that with regard to the *fact* of the historical continuity of the English episcopate the case is entirely different. J. F. D.

—

Another "Sign of Delight"

To the Editors of The Outlook:

Mr. J. E. Learned has succeeded in collecting a very entertaining assortment of odd names in his article on "Signs of Delight," in your issue for November 4. The article reminds me that there is, or used to be, a wholesale confectionery house on a prominent street in Jersey City, the firm name of which is Day & Morrow; and it was commonly said by those who knew the firm that it was a most satisfactory house to deal with, because, when you did not want to pay your bills to-Day, they were always glad and willing to have you pay them to-Morrow. A.

II.—Notes and Queries

What does Jesus mean when, in his commands to the disciples to teach and preach, he almost invariably enjoins them to "heal the sick"? and why is it that this part of the command is always ignored by our ministers in the pulpit and out of it, never noticing or commenting upon it? Why do we claim that the day of miracles is past, and the preachers put limitations upon their interpretation of "miracles"? For some days I have dwelt in the household of one whose daughter is a Christian Scientist, and I have met and known, personally, people who have been wonderfully cured, people whose diseases were not "imaginary," but were given up as incurable by eminent specialists; only yesterday a lady passed here twice who two weeks ago was said by her physicians to be dying with a cancer on the breast and was almost instantly healed. These I know, and the fact cannot be denied that they are healed. Now, all my training and education has been in the direction of believing this "Science" false and fraudulent, but how can I explain to myself or to others this strange thing that is taking place before my own eyes? S. B. P.

Jesus meant just what he said. The modern development of medical science is a good reason for the neglect you complain of by ministers, especially in view of the demands of other subjects, and the uncertainties of this subject. By "miracles" we understand operations contrary to experience, whose causes lie beyond human knowledge and control. In this sense, the day of miracles is not past. As to what you have seen in the field of "Christian Science," we admit that, after all needful allowance for quackery and exaggeration, there is a certain residuum of extraordinary facts which can neither be explained away nor as yet satisfactorily explained. The Proceedings of the Society for Psychical Research (June, 1893, London, Kegan Paul) contain a careful article on this general subject. It shows that "mind cure" and "faith cure" are merely modern forms of an old thing; that the psychological method of healing exhibited its signs and wonders among the ancient Greeks and Romans. The writer thinks there is hope that the psychological province, "heretofore left to chance and wonder," may, as the physiological has already been, be gradually recognized as an orderly part of nature. "We seem," he says, "on the eve of one more forward step along a road which medicine has long been pursuing." Meantime, people need to be warned against the credulity which listens to the wild theories of uneducated pretenders.

In your opinion, can the Logos, which John describes as the light which lighteth every man, be identified with man's idea of right—*i. e.*, with man's conscience? That is the light which lighteth every man. If you answer "yes," how do you connect the Logos and Jesus? M. G. E.

Yes, but only as a sunbeam can be identified with the sun. By the Logos we understand the Eternal Thought or Reason. This reproduces itself in man as the consciousness of God, which is involved in the idea of right, or in conscience. The God-consciousness so conspicuous in Jesus is the manifestation of the Logos in him.

I have an aged friend, a minister, who wishes to know when and how the word "trespass" got into the Lord's Prayer. Please answer. E. R. W.

It "got in" through Jesus's explanation that the word "debts," where it occurs in the prayer, meant "trespasses." Compare Matt. vi., 12 and 14. See also the other version of the prayer in Luke xi., 3.

What are the three alleged pre-Adamic races, and what books can I read upon the subject? SUBSCRIBER.

See Notes and Queries of October 28. Consult Professor A. Winchell's book, "Pre-Adamites." (D. Appleton & Co., New York.)

Will you kindly give a list of modern French novels suitable for young people of both sexes? Such as can be read aloud in the family or in a mixed company. R. G.

A friend well versed in French literature kindly gives us the following list:

"Le Roi des montagnes" and "Le Roman d'un brave homme," by Edmond About; "L'Ombra," by A. Jeunevraye; "Le Roman d'un jeune homme pauvre," by Octave Feuillet; "Les Pêcheurs d'Islande," by Pierre Loti; "La Belle Nivernaise," by Alphonse Daudet; "La Mare au Diable," "François le Champi," "Les Maîtres sonneurs," and "La Famille Germandre," by George Sand; "Les Enchantements de la forêt Theuriet," "Le Livre mon ami," and "Le Crime de Sylvestre Bonnard," by Anatole France.

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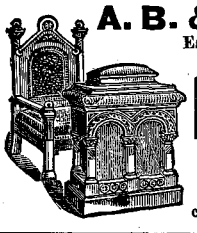

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Financial

The money market furnishes no new feature for the week; the rates for money are nominal so far as call loans are concerned, the average figure being 1½ per cent., while time money is now offered at 3½ to 4 per cent. for four and six months respectively. The accumulation of idle funds in the city banks still continues, notwithstanding there is no adequate use for a great proportion of these funds. When the surplus reserve of the Clearing-House banks of the city of New York amounts to about $58,000,000, as at the present time, it is because a widespread contraction of trade exists in all branches. With a normal activity in business, no such accumulation ever took place. It is only in periods of distress that money drifts in such volume to the centers. It is true that a slight revival in manufactures is noticeable, but the season was too far advanced towards winter, after the silver question was settled, to admit of any radical changes; then, too, it is undoubtedly true, as a matter of fact, that until it can be known somewhat approximately what the changes may prove to be in the coming revisal of the tariff, manufacturers and merchants will not dare to expand, or in any way plan for extensive business engagements. The railways transport the commerce of the country, and where their business is curtailed, as at present, it reflects the shrinkage of trade. In a measure, all our great enterprises are linked together; the suffering of one means the suffering of all. Railway earnings are flat because trade is flat; so it comes about that we have, again, in the security markets, a dullness not exceeded by anything in the past year, simply because of the uncertainty of railway earnings, which are entirely dependent on the peculiar uncertainty now existing in all trade circles. To remove this uncertainty at the earliest possible moment, especially since we have already borne about all we can bear, should be the chief concern of our present Government.

The markets for the week were, many considered, favorably affected by the elections; this influence, however, was only temporary; and towards the end of the week extreme dullness and narrowness prevailed again, but with no pressure of stocks. The bond market, while dull, indicated an investment demand. Sterling exchange was lower; though, at the close, steady at about the importing rate for gold. Several little lots arrived which were on the water when we reported last week, and a small additional lot was ordered during the week. We are liable to have some important imports of the metal during the next month. But little modification has taken place in the condition of the Government Treasury—the balances meeting with but little change. The bank statement is as follows:

Loans, increase	$602,700
Specie, increase	1,128,400
Legal tenders, increase	6,368,700
Deposits, increase	8,327,300
Reserve, increase	5,815,275

Money closes at 1 1-2 per cent. The banks' surplus reserve stands now at $57,828,725.

WALL STREET.

A Suggestion for Thanksgiving

Last year the Brotherhood of Christian Unity sent a circular to the ministers of America, asking them to preach on the subject of Christian Unity the last Sunday in October, taking John xvii., 21, as the text. The suggestion was widely adopted, and a great educational work was thus accomplished.

A proposal is now made for a universal expression of gratitude to God for the remarkable work of the year 1893 in breaking down the barriers which have so long separated the followers of Christ.

As a means of emphasizing and continuing the great work of the Parliament of Religions, it is hereby suggested that ministers of all denominations bring it before their people for grateful remembrance during the public services of Thanksgiving Day. At least four distinct causes for gratitude may be seen in connection with this historic event:

1. That earnest and broad-minded men were inspired with faith and courage to undertake such an immense and difficult task.

2. That it was carried out so harmoniously and successfully.

3. That it resulted in the adoption of a formula upon which all the followers of Christ may unite while still retaining their individual beliefs and Church relationships.

4. That the secular press of America took such a remarkable interest in the movement, and did so much to aid in its accomplishment.

Ministers who act upon this suggestion are requested to communicate the fact to the general office. Address Theodore F. Seward, President Brotherhood of Christian Unity, New York City.

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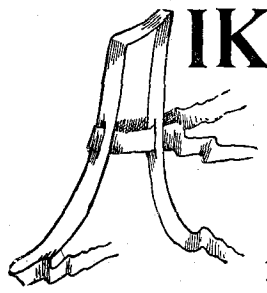

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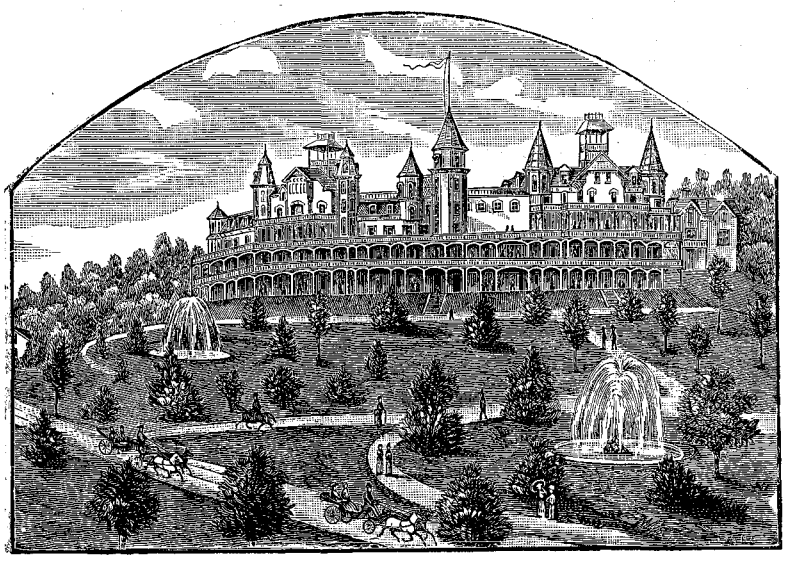

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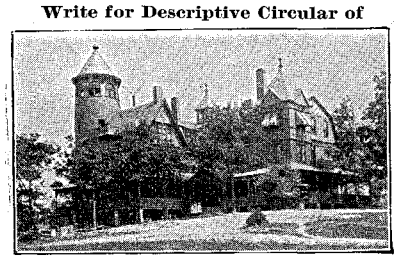

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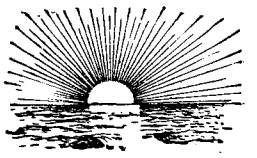

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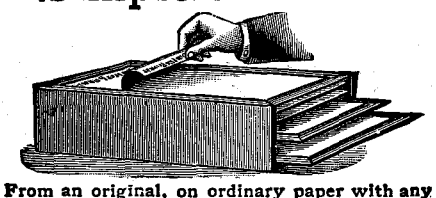

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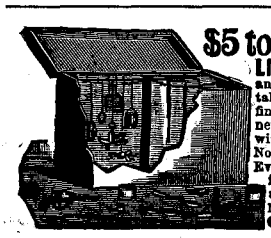

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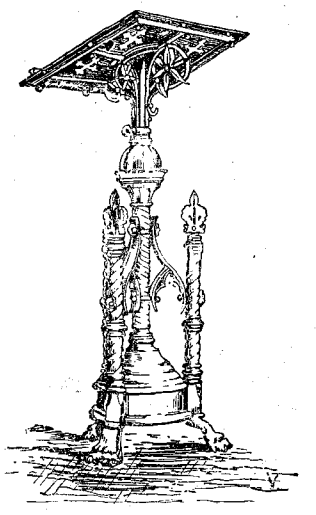

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